

KING'S PRINCESS

At 2.15, 5.30 & 9.00 p.m. || At 2.30, 6.00 & 9.15 p.m.

3 SHOWS DAILY
WINNER OF 7 ACADEMY AWARDS
BEST PICTURE OF 1957

BRITAIN'S GREATEST MOTION PICTURE ACHIEVEMENT
WILLIAM HOLDEN
JACK HAWKINS • ALEC GUINNESS
The Bridge on the River Kwai
 with BEAUZAY HAYAKAWA • JAMES DONALD • ANDREA MARVEL • PETER STRANGE • JOHN BOYER
 Screenplay by ROBERT ROY POOL • Story by ROBERT ROY POOL and ROBERT BENTLEY
 Directed by DAVID LEAN
 Cinemascope Technicolor

(This picture will not be shown again in H.K. in 1958).

 Please note Special Admission Prices:
 Logo & Dress Circle: \$4.70, Back Stalls: \$3.50,
 Front Stalls: \$2.40
 (Complimentary tickets are not valid for this film)
KING'S**4 SHOWS TO-MORROW****"THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI"**

Extra Morning Show At 11.15 a.m.

PRINCESS**TO-MORROW SPECIAL MATINEES**
 At 11.00 a.m. M-G-M present
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
 Variety Programme

Reduced Prices: \$1.00, \$1.50

 At 12.30 p.m. M-G-M present
 Stewart Granger • Deborah Kerr in
"KING SOLOMON'S MINES"

Reduced Prices: \$1.00, \$1.50

HOOVER • LIBERTY
NOW 2nd WEEK 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.
 A PICTURE FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY!!!

SPECIAL MATINEE ON SUNDAY, APRIL 13, 1958
 Hoover at 12:00 noon
 Liberty at 12:30 p.m.
 Kamini, Kaushtal, Skelhar, Fran & Navah in "AN 800"
 Reduced Admission
ORIENTAL MAJESTIC
TO-DAY
 AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.
 One of the Academy Award 1957 Winner Films!
 The Most fabulous true personal story every told!

 Monday Show to-morrow at 12.30 p.m.
"TROUBLE IN STORE"
TO-DAY
 AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.
JOANNE WOODWARD
 SUNDAY MORNING SHOW AT 12.30 P.M.
"O.K. NERO"
FILMS CURRENT & COMINGby **ANTHONY FULLER**

MR N. T. Chow has written in quite a long letter about my criticism of the film "Sayonara." It is an extremely able criticism of the film in its own right, and although I do not know Mr Chow, I have seen letters of his in the press of the best film papers in the United Kingdom; any point he raises is of considerable importance and ably expressed.

What Mr Chow seems to object to, is my calling "Sayonara" an "overemotional" plot. Now I will tell you why I said so. Had I written up my copy while still under the emotional impact of the film, it would have been a devastating attack on all narrow minded and crooked natures, that cannot see that all the world is one people.

I would have strangled all those phony-minded people who cannot see that falling in love is nothing to do with race or colour, or any other of those artificial barriers erected by the Lilliputian controllers of our destiny.

But the fact remains, I have to live in a society that will not permit the obvious. And on that account, I cannot blame Western society alone. The Chinese are extremely race-conscious, the Japanese also, and they have erected barriers against the mingling of East and West in marriage.

More's the pity, but that is the situation, and such courageous people who defy the narrow conservative conventions of society have an uneasy time when the first fine flush of romance is over.

Therefore, I must take the situation as it is. The film does exaggerate the type that existed, who full of blind prejudice, destroy the beauty that fine minds discover in the undoubted beauty of different races.

Unlike Mr Chow, I found Brando's rather theatrical exit less convincing than Red Buttons. Somehow, I thought, this romance would fade when they settled down to the mundane business of housekeeping in the States.

However, Mr Chow makes his points well, and I have taken them under the influence of "Sayonara" and speaks of a world we long for—rather than a world as it is.

ALL the films are running a second week, so that affords us an opportunity of taking a second look at them. First I want to take the case of Colonel Nicholson.



FAST-rising French actress Mylene Demongeot (hailed as successor to Brigitte Bardot) plays a chicken bone in a London restaurant with her husband, 31-year-old photographer Henri Coste. Mylene was in London for the premiere of her film "Bonjour Tristesse." She and Henri were married a month ago.—Express.

Without exaggeration, I have heard more talk about this film than any other I can remember. Colonel Nicholson, as portrayed by Alec Guinness in "The Bridge on the River Kwai," seems to be one of those creations which step right out of the pages of fiction to become a living personality.

It is not beyond the bounds of probability that we shall soon speak of a "Nicholsonism" or a "Nicholson manner."

I find people are strongly divided in their opinions as to what would have happened to Colonel Nicholson had he survived the tragedy of the incident of the bridge.

My opinion was asked. The answer I gave was that he would have been given a court-martial, and furthermore, had I been a member of such a court, I would have tried to have given him all that could—excluding a "bowler hat."

The fact of the matter is Colonel Nicholson lost sight of his objective. People say he maintained the morale of his men. He did, and no one can deny that the qualities he displayed in so doing place him as an exceptional man among men.

But at the same time he lost sight of his first objective. He boosted morale, and lost himself in the secondary objective, building a better bridge than the Japanese, to show British superiority.

the regular, made him the kind necessary to carry out the Fabian tactics which were the enemy down, and softened him up for the kill.

I often met "Colonel Nicholson." He almost drove me mad at times, so that I often wondered whether he thought the job was some big game played by some set of rules decided upon by himself and the enemy commanders.

I can assure you he would not have survived a court martial, except if medical evidence was forthcoming to prove him of disturbed balance of mind.

★
 TO fully appreciate the tremendous impact of "A Farewell to Arms," we have to recall that the novel was written by Ernest Hemingway over thirty years ago.

Hemingway stayed on in Paris with a crowd of young American writers, and they wrote in forceful terms of the life they saw in the midst of Europe's desolation. They were disillusioned. Nothing they had learned in the New World prepared them for the holocaust they found in the old.

Life from being a noble thing, and man a noble creature, they saw life as it was cruel, ugly, ignoble, and man a brutal savage.

It was this factor more than any other that conditioned their writing, and "A Farewell to Arms" with Hemingway's raw straight style, punched its way through the senses of the reading public.

The picture is deliberately frank, clinical in its study of human instincts, and life is presented as something primitive, frightening, and desperately futile.

It is this approach, rather than the actual events of the first World War, which I say dates the subject. From my own limited experience shared with millions of others of the horrors of another war, I say, Hemingway is wrong. For out of that living hell, I saw people who refused to surrender to circumstance, and build a heaven for themselves. Man is as foolish, as wicked as Hemingway claims, but he is as saint as well as beast at times.

Whether you feel that Rock Hudson and Jennifer Jones recapture the defeated attitude of the author is a matter of opinion. For what it is worth my opinion is, they do not. The best performance seems to be that of Vittorio De Sica.

It is a raw film, slightly heated by the censor, but a challenging film. And I remember that there are men and women who every day refuse to accept this aspect of life, and refusing, win to heaven. Beautifully filmed, gorgeous in its landscapes, a picture of considerable merit.

NEW FILMS AT A GLANCE**SHOWING**

KING'S & PRINCESS: "The Bridge on the River Kwai." The whole world has paid homage to this film. It has swept the board clean of awards. It is Great! It is Superb! Hongkong will be thrilled by it. Britain is proud of it. A Columbia British production. Technicolor production. Alec Guinness, William Holden, Jack Hawkins, with Sessue Hayakawa and James Donald.

LEE & ASTOR: "Sayonara." The emotional drama of mixed marriage, sentimental treatment; exquisite photography; a ravishing beauty; sensitive direction. Marlon Brando, Miyoshi Umeki, and Patricia Owens. HOOPER & LIBERTY: "Merry Andrew." A bright funny colourful performance.

Don from schoolroom to circus. Catchy songs; new style; fresh stunts; Paul Giallico script. Danny Kaye, Pier Angeli, Noel Purcell, Robert Ooze, and Baccaloni.

STAR & METROPOLE: "Love in the Afternoon." Gary Cooper, Audrey Hepburn, and Maurice Chevalier. Anything can happen in Paris on an April afternoon. A QUEEN'S "Scarlet Doll." A film which illustrates an important advance in Chinese film production. English subtitles; a tale of the old War Lords; enchanting scenes, graceful acting. Lin Dai, Wang Yin, Chang Xue.

ROXY & BROADWAY: "A Farewell to Arms." A new film version of Hemingway's classic. Rock Hudson, Jennifer Jones and Vittorio De Sica.

COMING

The King's & Princess, Lee & Astor, Hoover & Liberty, Roxy & Broadway are all expecting long runs. The following films are scheduled for screening at some future date.

KING'S & PRINCESS: "High Flight." Ray Milland and The Royal Air Force team up to make the most thrilling presentation of super-sonic flying ever. Intense story, superb photography, complex emotional situations, fine climax. "High Flight." Technicolor. Cinemascope. Technicolor. Produced by Eric Cécilia.

LEE & ASTOR: The Doleful Ballet with Ulanova in the Covent Garden Royal Command Performance.

STAR & METROPOLE: "Man of a Thousand Faces." The story of Lon Chaney, James Cagney, Dorothy Malone, and Jane Greer.

ROXY & BROADWAY: "The Long Hot Summer." Jerry Wald's production of William Faulkner's stories of the South. Romance, sex, and drama, along with Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward.

HOOPER & LIBERTY: "Merry Andrew." Made by MGM and filmed by the new Camera 88. A greater "Merry Andrew" than the "Merry Andrew" of the word. Elizabeth Taylor, Noel Purcell, Montgomery Clift, Eva Marie Saint, and Lee Remick.

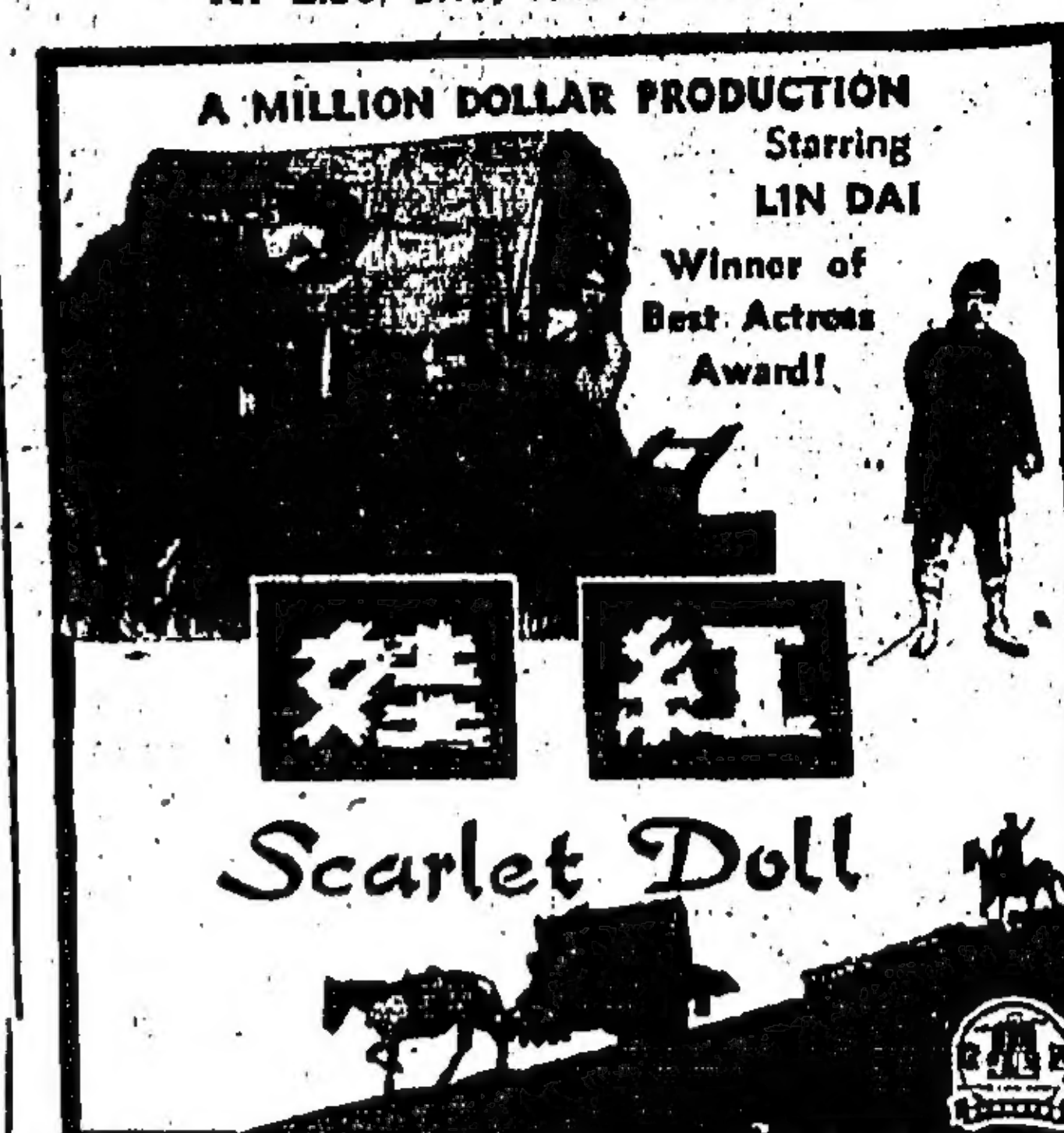
DO YOU KNOW —
Who China's God Is?

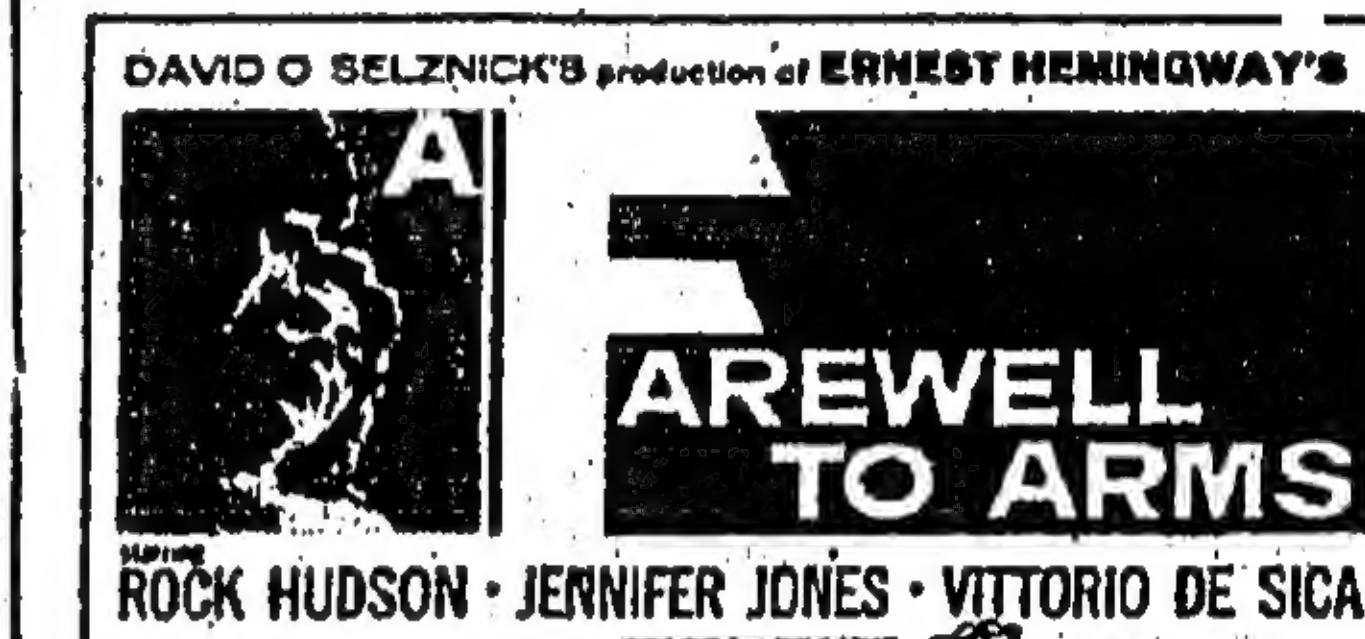
Come and hear — this interesting subject Discussed in — "Way of Life" series No. 8
MILTON LEE, BIBLE LECTURER, WILL SPEAK
THIS SUNDAY, APRIL 13th AT 4.00 P.M.

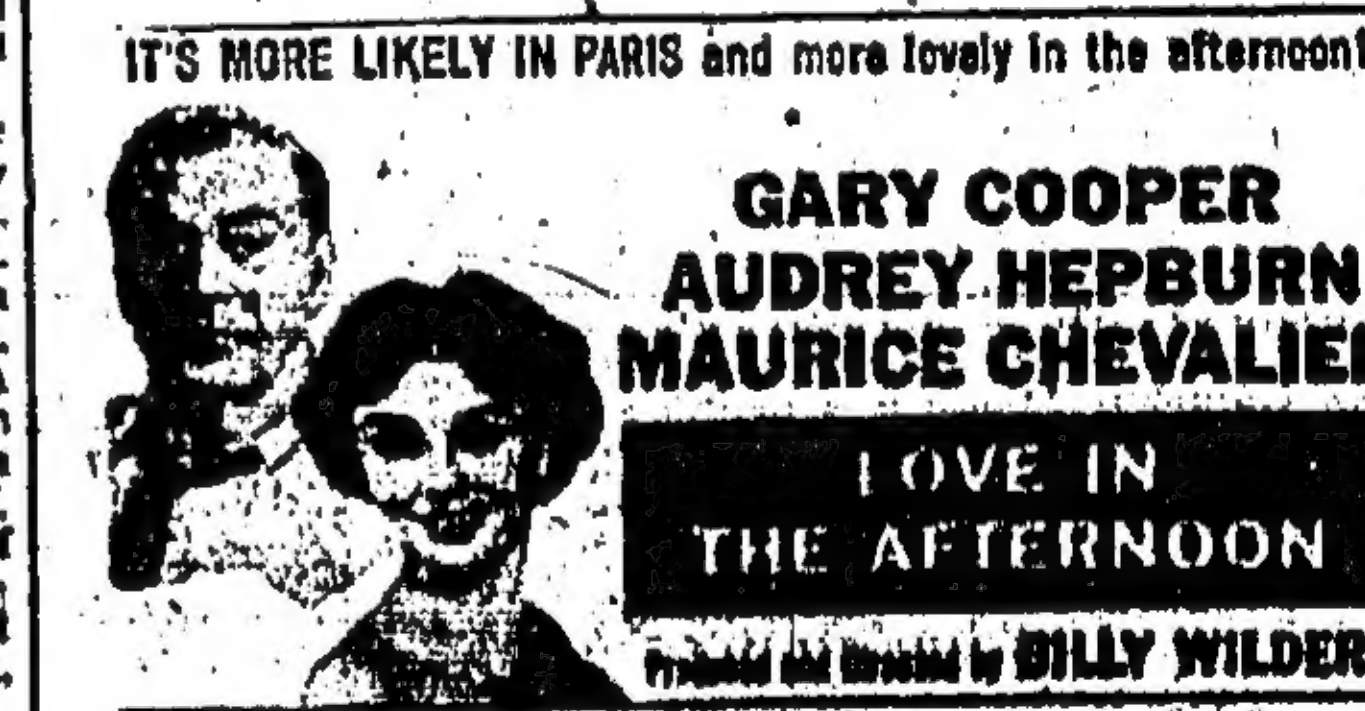
PENINSULA HOTEL WEST HALL (FIRST FLOOR)
 (Those who attend may have this lecture in printed form)

SHOWING QUEEN'S TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M.


SUNDAY MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 A.M.
M-G-M'S COLOUR CARTOONS AT REDUCED PRICES
ROXY & BROADWAY
2nd SENSATIONAL WEEK
NOW SHOWING THE 9th DAY
4 SHOWS TO-DAY & TO-MORROW

 Please note special times:
 At 12.00 Noon, 3.00, 6.00 & 9.00 P.M.
THE SPECTACLE OF LOVE AND WAR THAT MAKES MOTION PICTURE HISTORY!

Admission Prices: Logo Seats \$4.20, Dress Circle \$3.50, Back Stalls \$3.00, Middle Stalls \$2.40, Front Stalls \$2.00 (Tax Included)
 Complimentary tickets are not valid for this picture

BROADWAY: To-morrow Special Morning Show At 11.00 a.m. M-G-M TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS At Reduced Prices
STAR • METROPOLE
2nd GLORIOUS WEEK
NOW SHOWING THE 11th DAY
 Please note change of times:
 AT 2.30, 5.10, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
STAR: At 11.00 a.m. **UNIVERSAL**
METROPOLE: At 11.00 a.m. **COLUMBIA**
Technicolor Cartoons Programme

 At Reduced Prices
METROPOLE: To-morrow Special Morning Show At 12.30 p.m.

"DAVID COPPERFIELD"
 Starring: Lionel BARRYMORE • Maureen O'SULLIVAN
 At Reduced Prices

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

Do You Want To Get Away From It All BUY AN ISLAND PARADISE!

NAUGHTY NIGHTIE GIRLS

Dig, Dig, Dig

London. THE headmaster of £105-a-term St Christopher's School, Letchworth, Herts, doled out punishment to eight girl pupils who made a moonlight flit to London in overcoats and nighties as a joke.

The punishment: laying a new path in the school grounds.

As the girls, aged 12 to 15, totted with shovels and rakes the head, 35-year-old Mr Nicholas King Harris, said he was "absolutely furious" about the affair.

The girls tiptoed out of school after lights out one Wednesday, walked three miles to Hitchin Station, then headed for London on an express.

RAISED ALARM

A ticket collector raised the alarm and the train was stopped at the next station, Stevenage.

But the girls fooled the officials searching for them. Said 15-year-old Ann Churchill, of Kensington: "We all hid in one toilet. We did not lock the door, so that when they saw the word 'Vacant' they were not suspicious and did not look in. We stayed there for the whole journey. It took over an hour."

The girls bluffed their way past a startled ticket collector at King's Cross by speaking French. But their French was suspected and the police were called. And the girls were sent back to Hitchin on an early morning train.

HIS HOME HAD 16 CATS

London. FELIX WISNIEWSKI, who spent his £200 savings on a home for 16 stray cats was told last week his cats can stay in their shed in a Nantwich orchard.

The Nantwich urban council considered a committee recommendation that Wisniewski be allowed to keep the cats in compound but put up without planning permission.

Councils imposed included no breeding, no stray additions, no nuisance and that the matter be reviewed in a year.

The council was told a letter from the Cats Protection League and Tall Weyers Secretary, Albert A. Stewart, offering to arrange for our nearest representative to make periodic calls to ensure whatever curfew limits were imposed would be carried out.—United Press.

GIRL WAS SAVED BY A HEAD

Stockholm. A woman leaning out of a window saved the life of a three-year-old girl here last week.

Mrs Ruth Oest of Björkshagen, a Stockholm suburb, was leaning out of her kitchen window suddenly received a blow on her head.

The blow was caused by three-year-old Lena Persson who had fallen out of a window in the apartment above.

Mrs Oest's head cushioned the fall and Lena hit the ground unhurt. She was rushed to hospital for X-rays.

The only one needing a doctor's attention was Mrs Oest. She had a slight brain concussion.—United Press.

But There Are A Few Hitches To The Dream

By HENRY MACLENNON

Rome. IF you love peace and quiet and would like to buy a small island to get away from it all, well there are several thousand scattered around the coasts of Italy and many of them are for sale.

Of course there are a few hitches to his dream of possessing an Italian "island paradise."

International Telephone Directory

Paris. A YOUNG French printer, who once spent two days trying to track down a New York telephone number, today prepared to publish an international telephone directory with more than 400,000 addresses in four languages.

Rene Molard hopes to sell 100,000 copies of the two-volume directory by subscription at 5,000 francs (US\$11.80) apiece.

He said he already has sold out the 5,000 copies of a similar directory he published two years ago, and subscription requests are pouring into his Paris office.

With mounting interest in the European Common Market and Free Trade zone projects, he figures he can't go wrong.

Molard has reserved a stand in the forthcoming Brussels World Fair, where he hopes to attract more subscribers.

Three Sections

The directory is divided into three main sections—by country, profession and alphabetical order. There are more than 4,500 sub-headings covering everything from hotels to doctors' telephone numbers.

At the beginning of the directory an explanatory section gives the key to the different headings in French, German, English and Spanish.

There also is a special section in Chinese and Japanese for the Far East.

Molard plans to keep the directory up to date by sending out new listings to subscribers every year until 1960. Then, a new edition will come out every year, he said.—United Press.

Sues For Stealing Her Husband

London. A 50-year-old wife sued a 34-year-old legless woman in a London court last week for enticing her husband away.

Mrs Elizabeth Walton sued Mrs Florence Broadhead for damages for stealing Mrs Walton's husband, Alan. The case was sent for trial in a higher court.

Mrs Broadhead has been confined to a wheelchair for the 12 years since she was involved in a railroad accident which necessitated the amputation of both her legs.—United Press.

Boots Galore And No One To Wear Them

London. Britain's Army has enough boots in its cupboard to shoe another two armies, the Government Auditor-General charged last week.

Sir Frank Tribe, Government Auditor-General and Comptroller said in his report on the Army's finances that 1,250,000 pairs of shiny new boots are currently sitting in show-houses with nobody to wear them.

What's more, he charged, there was nobody to wear them when they were bought. The War Office placed the original order in 1955 and when the Army's strength was cut consigned the original order to oblivion.—United Press.

LUNCH FROM A BOTTLE?

London. Today's poser: is it unparliamentary to say a lawmaker drank his lunch? Some back-bench Members of Parliament think it is. They spoke up after Socialist Robert Edwards interrupted a speech by Conservative Dudley Williams and accused him of "having his lunch out of a bottle."

Furthermore, Edwards added, "It is the bottle which is speaking—and not the honourable member."

The Deputy Speaker of the House of Commons, Sir Charles MacAndrew was asked by the back-benchers if such a statement was "proper and seemly."

The Deputy Speaker pondered and ruled it was improper "if there was nothing except water" in the bottle.—United Press.

Here's One Civil Servant Who Didn't Ask For A Raise

London. A shining example of restraint in not asking for a pay raise during the battle for inflation has been set by one of the Government's black-coated established civil servants.

He is Peter—the Home Office.

Peter is on the official staff of the Home Office, a drab, sooty building in Whitehall housing the Ministry which oversees internal affairs.

He patrols the corridors of the building day and night, always available to chase rats or mice, or sit in front of the glowing fire at the main entrance and watches who comes in and out.

Peter is paid six pounds ten shillings a year. A spokesman was asked today whether Peter had recently asked for a raise. "Until a few years ago he was only making three pounds eighteen shillings a year, but it was decided in view of the cost of living to put him up, to his new rate of pay."

"He has not made any request recently," the spokesman said, "but naturally we would consider any request on its merits." Peter is a shining example to his fellow civil servants. "No complaints from him for working overtime, and no demands for more pay."

10 YEARS OLD

The sleek black animal is 10 years old, and was brought to the Home Office as a kitten.

"What will happen when he dies," the spokesman was asked, but he refused to consider the question.

The Home Office without Peter is unthinkable. There always has been a black cat at the Home Office and his name always has been Peter.

Round his neck he wears the badge of his office. The solid leather collar, sports brass plaque reads:

"Peter, Home Office, S. W. 1." Few cats have a better address, and surely none of them earn as much.—United Press.

The Law Returns One Shilling With Thanks

London. BUSINESSMAN Mr J. Barclay-Barr said ruefully last week: "I should have known better than to try and tip a London bobby...."

CAN MARRY AND KEEP FORTUNE

London. HEIRESS Penelope Chamberlayne got some good news—she can marry and still keep the fortune she inherited from her grandfather.

Penelope, 21, is marrying Major Nigel MacDonald soon. But under the terms of her grandfather's will, drawn up in 1912, she loses her huge home, its 10,000 acres of ground and the priceless antiquities kept in it, if she changes her name from Chamberlayne.

Grandfather Tankerville Chamberlayne, a self-made millionaire, was so proud of the family name he laid down in his will that it must always be preserved.

However, a court ruled that Penelope can become Mrs MacDonald and still keep her home, Cranbury Park near Winchester.—United Press.

200 MILES FOR A SIKH BIBLE

Rotherham. Police today completed a 200-mile trip to get what was reported to be the only Sikh Bible in Britain so a witness can swear on it in a court case.

The case against two men charged with stealing clothing from Hari Singh Madhaur was adjourned for 24 hours last week when Madhaur told the judge he was a Sikh and could swear only on a Sikh Bible.

Police were sent 100 miles to Leicester to get one and bring it back in time for the court session.—United Press.

Midnight call

Two days later Mr Barclay-Barr's office passed on a message asking him to ring West End Central police station to give "his version" of how the shilling was handed over.

Eight hours later the telephone called him from his bed at midnight for "a fuller report."

Two days later he received an official receipt from the police for "1s. 0d. (ONE SHILLING) offered as a gratuity in the case of P.C."

Three weeks later he had a letter from the Assistant Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis:

"I am directed by the Commissioner to refer to your gift of ONE SHILLING, which was accepted by the Metropolis Police on the 11th of April, 1958."

'My little gift'

Pinned to the letter was a Postal Order for 1s. 0d. (ONE SHILLING).

Said Mr Barclay-Barr last week: "It must have cost the police at least four times the value of my little gift to return it to me."

"I don't know how they found me—but I imagine the constable had a note of my car number and I was traced through that...."

His Downfall Was An Antique Traction Engine

London. Some men go broke because they indulge in women, or horses, or both.

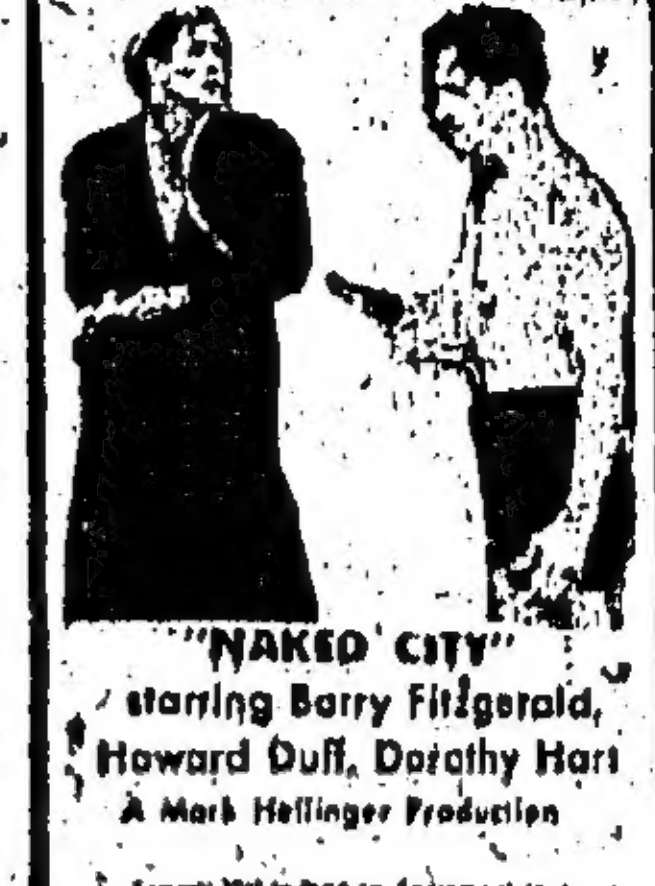
But 62-year-old dentist James Fitzgerald wound up in bankruptcy court for the love of an antique traction engine.

Douglas told the court he couldn't pay the total £450 storage rent for the engine which he bought in 1950, because he thought there was going to be another war and he wanted to preserve it.

He added, however, he now realizes his concern had been "a waste of time and money"—United Press.

CAPITOL RITEZ

SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



"NAKED CITY"
starring Barry Fitzgerald,
Howard Duff, Dorothy Hart
A Mark Hellinger Production

SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



"THE TEN COMMANDMENTS"
starring Charlton Heston
A Cecil De Mille Production

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
"LADY AND THE TRAMP"

To-morrow Special Show
At 12.30 p.m.
"MONEY FROM HOME"

KAISER

RESTAURANT & COCKTAIL LOUNGE
Famous European, American, French, & Russian Cuisine,
BREAKFAST, COFFEE, LUNCH, TEA
AND DINNER.
CONFECTIONS & CAKES
With the grandest decoration
and
most comfortable accommodations
BUSINESS HOURS: 7 a.m. — 1 a.m.
21A-21B Granville Rd., Kewington. Tel. 50335, 61013
(Corner of Carnarvon & Granville Roads)



Fly B.O.A.C. Britannia to JAPAN for business or pleasure



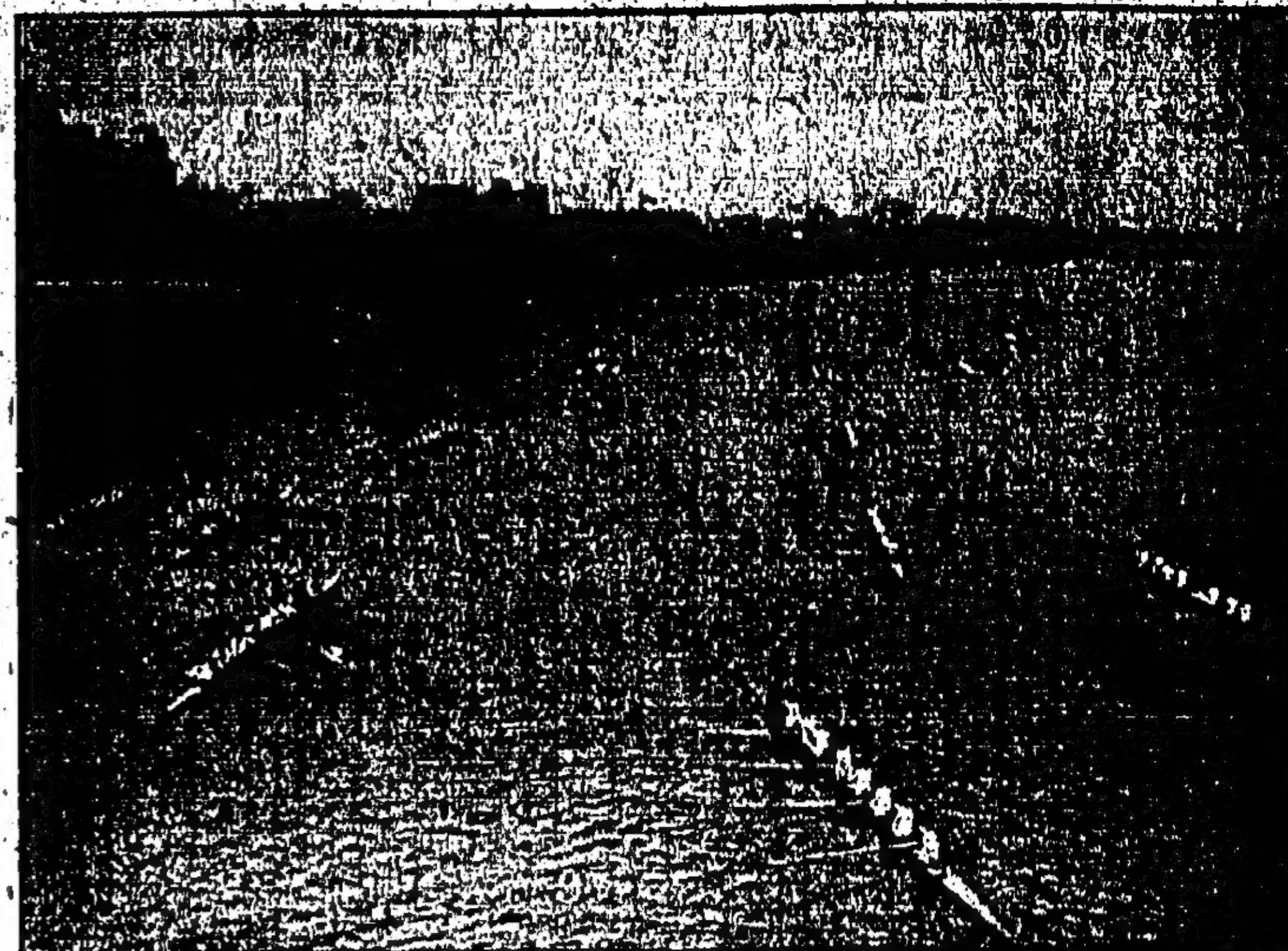
MEET THE INTERNATIONAL TRADE FAIR
... and holiday in Cherry Blossom time too!
Fly by non-stop luxury First Class or low-fare
Tourist Services. BOOK NOW!
30-day Tourist Excursion Fare—HK \$1,268.80.
Consult your Travel Agent, or Japans Airways
Department, Telephone 27711. (24 hour service).



HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



Stove and tartan rug were provided by the Highland Light Infantry when visited by Princess Margaret on her tour of troops in Germany. Express



Barn Cottage came "Head of the River" when a total of 290 rowing clubs along the Thames competed in the annual London race.



ABOVE: British miner and his wife, Mr and Mrs Thomas Tilley of Co Durham collect from Tommy Trinder world-record winnings on a football pool... £209,079 for a tuppenny bet. Express
BELOW: Admiralty girls at work on glass plates of sea charts. Times

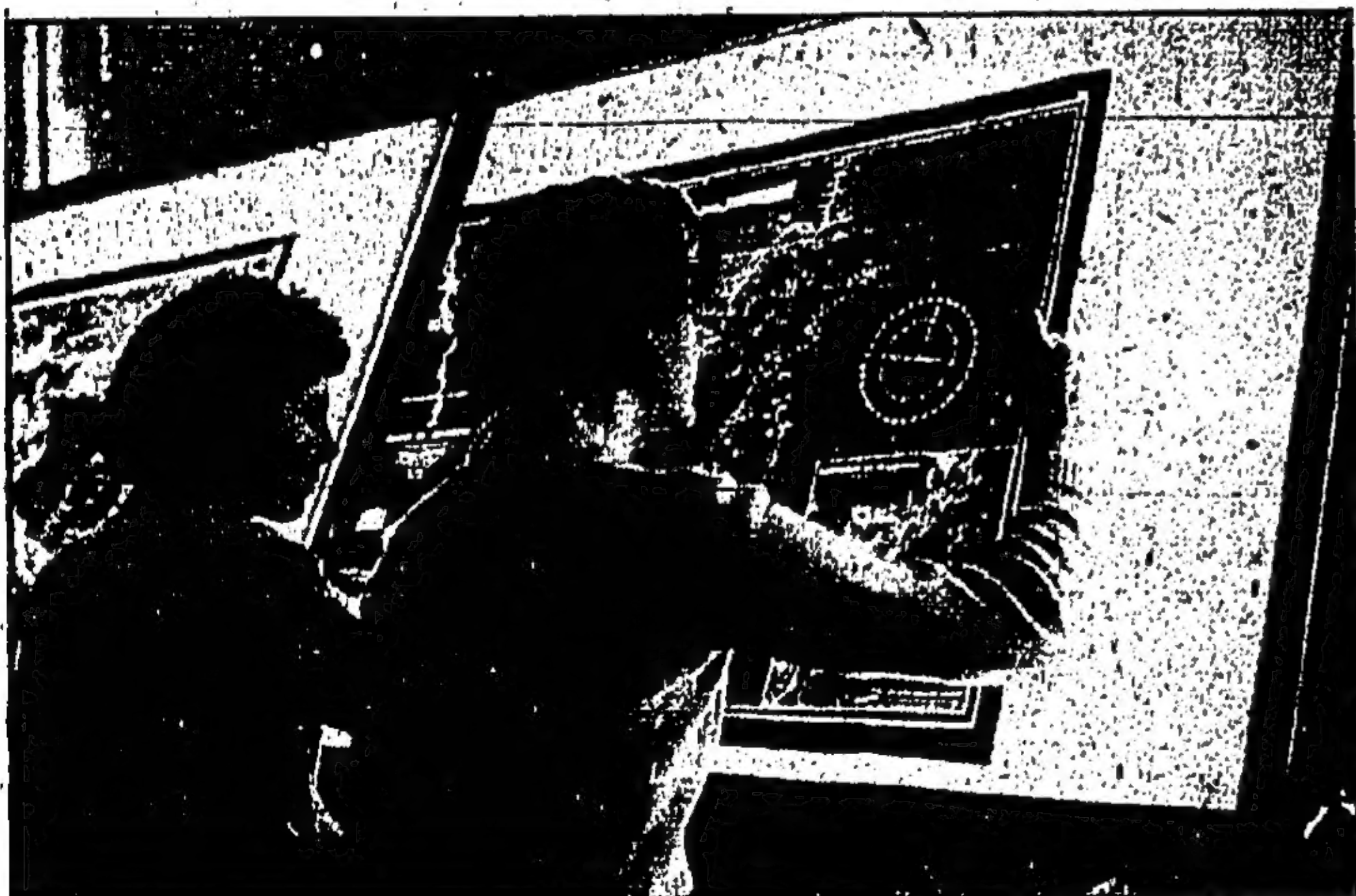


TOP LEFT: The Ubiquitous Hunters' Steeplechase at Sandown Park.

RIGHT: Marquess of Londonderry (publicly spanked by his grandmother for criticising the Queen) gets engaged to last-of-the-Debs, Nicolette Harrison (17).

LEFT: One of the Duke of Bedford's prize-winning Jersey herd was guest at a London cocktail reception to plan the Dairy Festival in June.

BELOW: Some of the 12 British debutantes chosen by Paris fashion-designer Pierre Cardin for the annual Berkeley Dress Show. Express



Jean Wilson (15), Catherine Lyon (17) and Wendy Helliwell (15) have a cold wait before competing in the Surrey Hard Court Tennis Championships at Roehampton.

LEFT: Four days before Mrs Shirley Howard (22) gave birth to her own baby she jumped into a Cardiff dock to save five-year-old Luigi Varas. Here's Luigi off to say "thank you." Express



NANCY

By Encke Bushmiller



ROUND-UP FROM RAGS TO RICHES:

Imminent

New York.
AMERICAN doctors are on the verge of two sensational discoveries that could provide vaccines against cancer and tuberculosis.

The "successful vaccine" against T.B. may be developed "within a few months," said Dr. Justin Andrews, an official of the United States Public Health Service.

He added: "Its sponsors are very enthusiastic about it and are very reliable people."

The vaccine, he told a Congressional Committee, was made from an extract obtained when T.B. germs were bathed in wood alcohol. It has yet to be tried on humans, but animal tests have yielded "most promising" results.

Dr. John R. Heller, director of the National Cancer Institute, said one of the "major breakthroughs" might produce a vaccine against cancer.

He said: "The year which has passed since I last appeared before this committee has been productive and rewarding. Progress is being made on so many fronts that many of us feel we may be nearing a number of major breakthroughs in our knowledge of these diseases we call cancer."

"The search for the relationship between viruses and cancer has all the elements of a good detective story."

He was particularly optimistic in telling of one experiment on animals in which for the first time malignant growths have been produced by a substance having virus-like qualities.

"If we were able to achieve similar results with materials extracted from human tumours—and if this material should prove to be a virus—he will indeed have made a major breakthrough," he said.

"It should be thus established that certain forms of human cancer are viral in origin, it might then be possible to immunise man against the disease."

Agitator

DR Salazar's most vocal but unseen critic, who aimed his "defamatory attacks" on the Portuguese Government through prison bars, was sentenced this week to another sixteen years in 1958.

Much-tried Henrique Galvao, 62, a novelist, playwright, pamphleteer and political prisoner, is the former Army captain, deputy and colonial administrator who was convicted of treason by a military court in March, 1933.

His sentence then for "plotting a revolutionary movement against the organisation of the State" was three years' hard labour and five years' suspension of civil rights.

Galvao carried on his opposition to the Salazar Government from behind prison bars.

Because of ill-health, he did not appear at any of the six secret hearings of the trial that ended this week. But under Portuguese law the verdict had to be delivered in public.

Dr. Abel Salazar, one of Galvao's three associates charged with distributing his subversive writings, was given three years' imprisonment.

New Softies

TELEVISION is producing a new race of "North American softies" soft in the muscles and soft in the head.

Professor C. H. McCloy, leading United States physical educationist, told Ottawa reporters these television softies were in such dreadful physical shape that they were incapable of taking exercises only in bed.

Professor McCloy, one of the top planners of the physical fitness programme of the United States armed forces, reported that his University of Iowa office was preparing a set of personal "exercise" exercises for the "chronically television fies" that could be done in bed.

Head of the Iowa State University Physical Education Faculty, Professor McCloy said television "has done more to damage hearts, livers, kidneys and stomachs than any hard work ever did."

"Television is dangerous to the physical and mental fitness of the race," he said.

North Americans under its stupefying influence had "gone to pot" not only physically but mentally.

He added: "A great many senior business men have retired intellectually in their leisure time under television's spell."

FORTY TIMES A MILLIONAIRE

by John Cottrell

A SHORT, tubby, vital woman of 75, with the face of a peasant sits in her New York penthouse looking at her latest acquisition, a rare and valuable painting.

She has a villa in the South of France, flats in Paris and Rio. The picture-gallery in her New York home alone houses over a million dollars worth of art.

Her name is Helena Rubinstein, and she owns all these treasure-houses because she has sold to women everywhere the precious secrets of everlasting youth.

Her life is dedicated to beauty. With the millions she makes selling transitory beauty in the shape of cosmetics, she buys permanent beauty in the form of pictures. Understandably the buying and the selling give her equal satisfaction.

Miss Rubinstein's vast cosmetic empire is believed to have netted her more than £40,000,000. Her cautious upbringing is probably responsible for the fact that most of it is invested in property, works of art and jewels. For these, as she says, are things you can see and handle—not just figures in a bank statement.

The Rubinstein fortune was founded on a jar of face-cream—a jar she took with her to Australia when she was sent there, at the age of 18, from her home in Cracow, Poland.

Helena had had an unhappy love affair—one she refuses to talk about, even to this day—and her father sent her to stay with her Uncle Silberfeld, a former in Queensland. But life in the Australian outback was too boring for the Polish girl. She missed the company of her seven younger sisters and the bustle of a big town. So off she went to live in Brisbane, to be a children's governess.

Cinderella of the household

In the 1890's a governess was little more than an unpaid drudge, a Cinderella of the household, and young Helena found that she had no money to spend on pretty dresses.

All the same, she was noticed everywhere she went because of her fine skin.

Among the dry, sun-scorched complexions of the women of Brisbane, Miss Rubinstein's fresh smooth skin stood out like a flower in the desert.

"How do you manage it?" asked her employer.

"With a cream I got from my doctor at home," said the Pole modestly.

That cream was the starting point of a new career for the young governess, and it still figures, like a lucky talisman, in the vast list of Helena Rubinstein cosmetics today.

She herself carries a jar of it with her wherever she goes.

"I would rather be without food than my own special cream," she says.

Asked by her Australian friends for some of her cream, the young Helena wrote home to Cracow for more supplies.

The fame of the cream grew, and before long the girl from Poland had a small import business on her hands.

Scientific approach

In 1902, she moved to Melbourne where she rented a room for 30s. a month, calling it her "laboratory".

Those were the days when make-up was considered sinful. But young Helena Rubinstein was not just selling cosmetics. She was applying science to making women more beautiful.

At one time her father had hoped she would become a doctor, but when she faintly at the sight of blood, the idea was abandoned.

Now her early medical training stood her in good stead. Because she advertised her products with the aid of scientific data, women flocked to buy them. They felt that at last someone was taking their problems seriously, and that science was coming to their

aid, to help them keep their youthful looks.

Helena still believes in the scientific approach to beauty, and spends all the time she can in her New York laboratories.

She dresses her products in plainer packs than those of her rivals.

"I attach more importance to what goes inside," says Helena pointedly.

Within four years of those first days in her one-room Melbourne laboratory, Helena Rubinstein was installed in her own beauty salon in London's Mayfair. Then she opened a branch in Paris, and in 1916 she invaded New York.

About the same time as Helena was selling beauty cream in Melbourne, Elizabeth Arden, her great rival, was founding her cosmetic empire in the U.S.A. Although both women have made a fortune out of beauty products they have never met—and if they did so, it is unlikely they would speak to one another.

For when the Arden and Rubinstein organisations were struggling for power, Elizabeth Arden divorced her husband, Thomas J. Lewis, who was also her star salesman.

Lewis went to work for Helena Rubinstein instead, and Elizabeth Arden has never forgiven either of them.

Helena married twice. By her first husband, whom she divorced in 1937, she had her two sons, one of whom followed his mother into the cosmetic industry. It is said that on her death the Rubinstein business will go to him.

Helena's second husband was a famous aristocrat, Prince Atchil Gourliell Tchikoua, and it was with his help that she founded a prosperous subsidiary business. Tentatively they marketed a few skin tonics and lotions for male use.

To their surprise, men clamoured for them, and by the time Prince Gourliell died in 1955, the small offshoot company had become a flourishing concern in its own right.

Undiminished zest

Success has not made Helena Rubinstein sit back and take things easily. She still works with the same zest she did when she was a young girl, experimenting in Australia.

She was one of the pioneers of hormone creams which, she claims, make middle-aged women look young by eliminating lines and wrinkles.

In the 1950's, after many years of research, she launched a new, best-selling cosmetic line—powder and lipstick made from a special base of powdered silk.

Women flock to her salons the world over for slimming, rejuvenating treatment. But the 75-year-old head of the business confesses she does not obey all the beauty rules she makes for her customers.

She admits she is too plump for her height—4 ft. 10 ins. "I work," she says, "and when you work you must eat."

What the millionaires most like to eat is, surprisingly, trip and onions.

Miss Rubinstein's collection of fabulous jewellery is the subject of comment wherever she goes, because she is usually wearing many thousands of pounds worth at a time.

She once admitted to a friend that she kept a fine collection of unset jewels under her bed, in an old Gladstone bag.

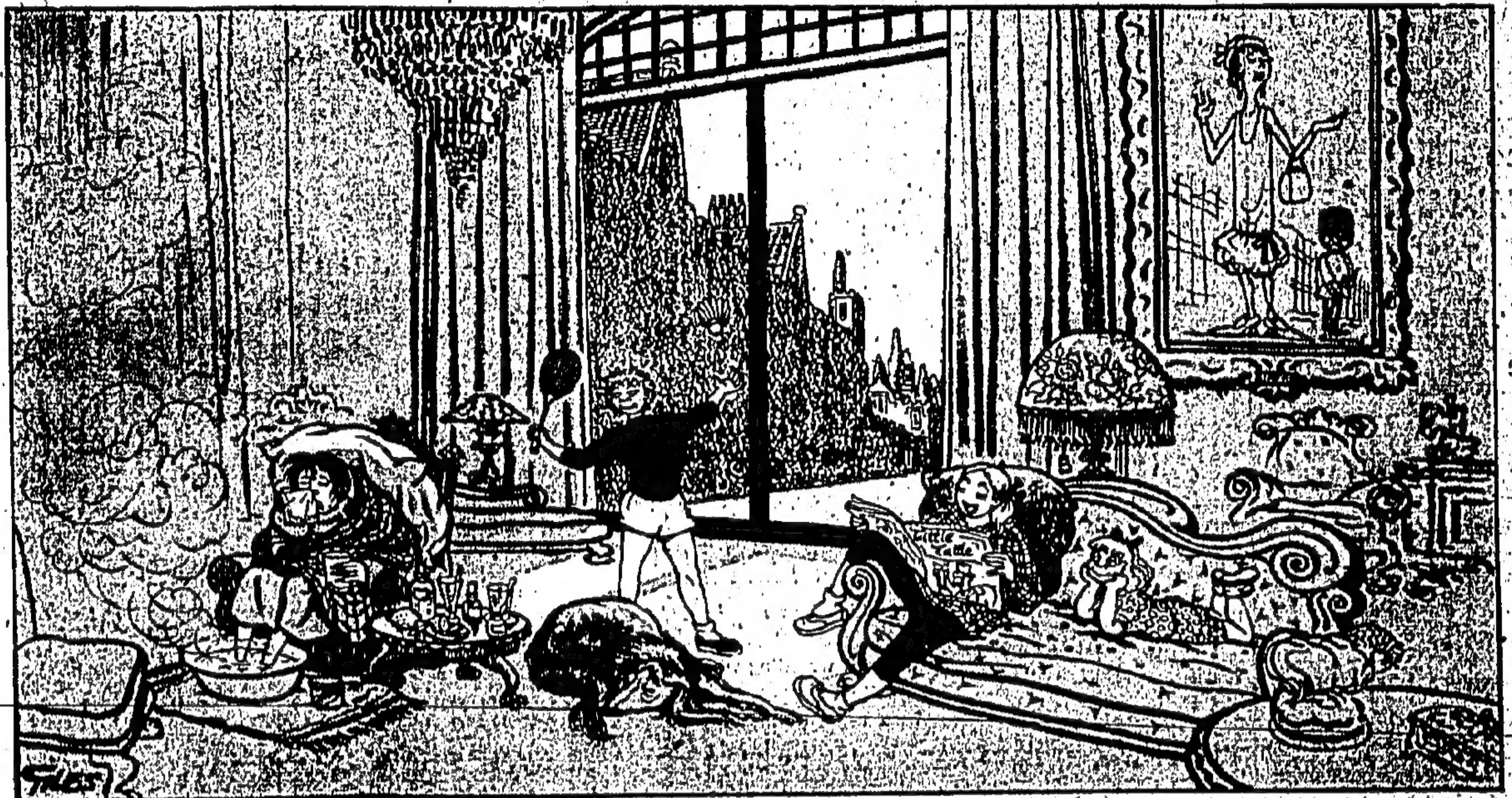
In the bag was a pair of Victorian stays, and inside them, attached to the tapes, huge un-

cut diamonds and emeralds worth hundreds of thousands of pounds. Helena liked to take them out from time to time, to look at them.

She was not afraid of thieves. "Burglar comes, finds the corsets and doesn't look further," she explained.

A famous portrait of Helena Rubinstein by Graham Sutherland shows her wearing over a Balenciaga dress several rows of

Her fortune was founded on one jar of cream.



"Lady Penelope, eldest daughter of the Earl of Bonewit, was among the last of the Debs to be presented this week. Despite the bitter wind she wore her latest sleeveless, backless, daringest design from Paris....."

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Rolex celebrate the 32nd anniversary of the Oyster case

In 1926 Rolex invented the Oyster case, the world's first truly waterproof watch case. To the trade at the time it seemed a joke, a "gimmick" that did nothing to do with timekeeping. But Mr. Wilsdorf, the chairman of Rolex, and his colleagues at Rolex, knew that it was a revolution.

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The Oyster has come a long way since Mercedes Gleitze made world headlines in 1927 by swimming the English Channel with an Oyster on her wrist. Perhaps even Mr. Wilsdorf did not dream in 1927

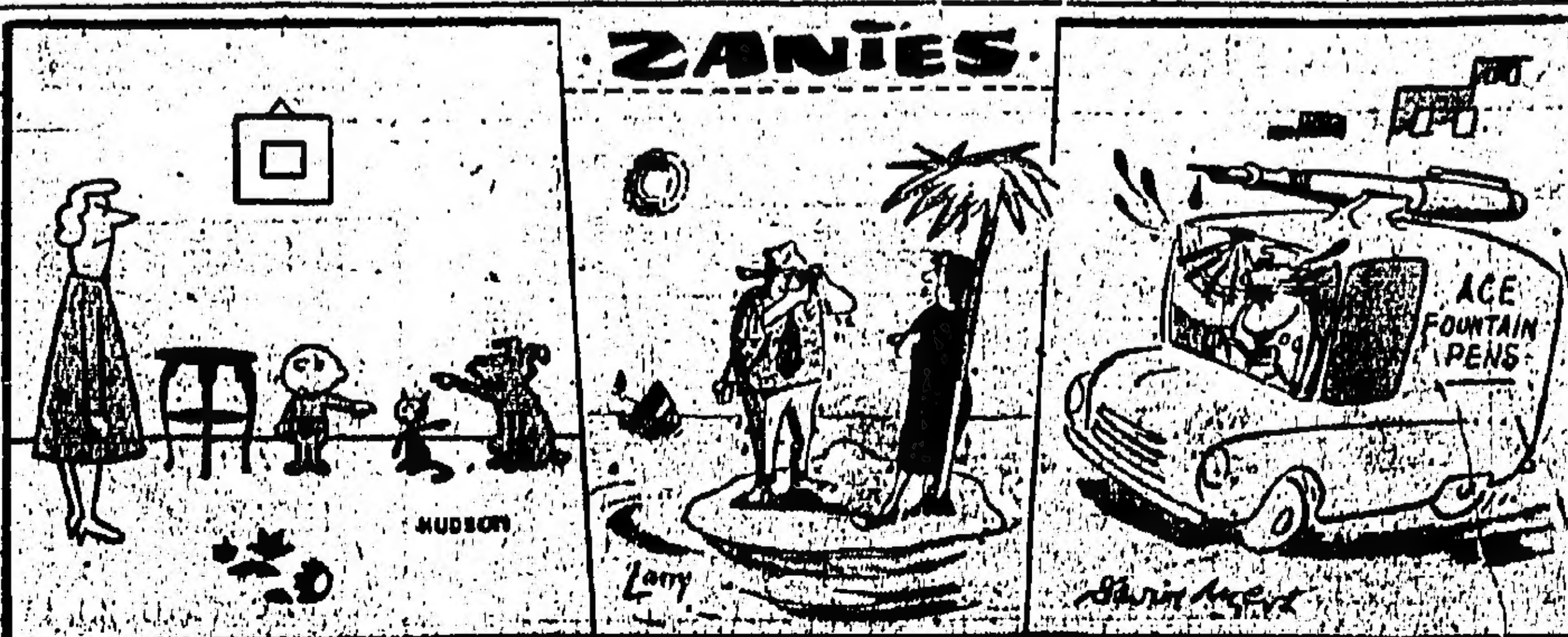
Rolex could develop Oysters that can go down wherever man can go. Yet they have. Witness the fact that the Navies of three great nations use Rolex for special underwater activities.

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ROLEX

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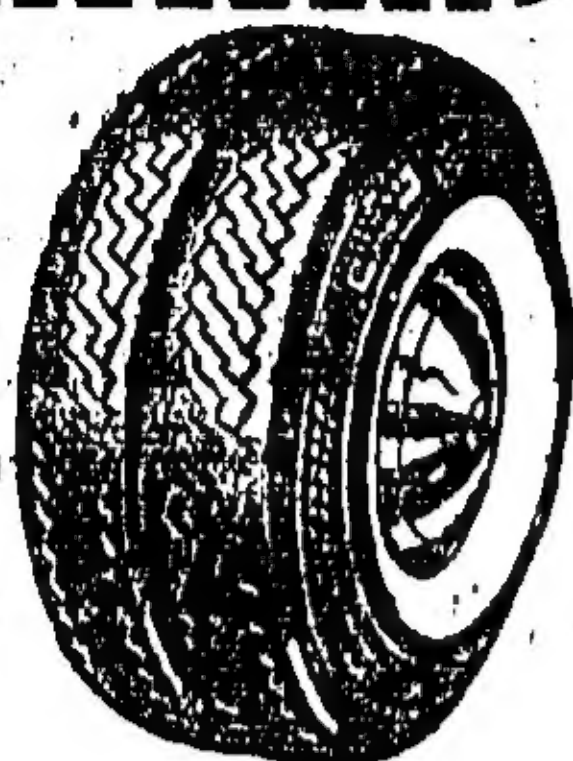


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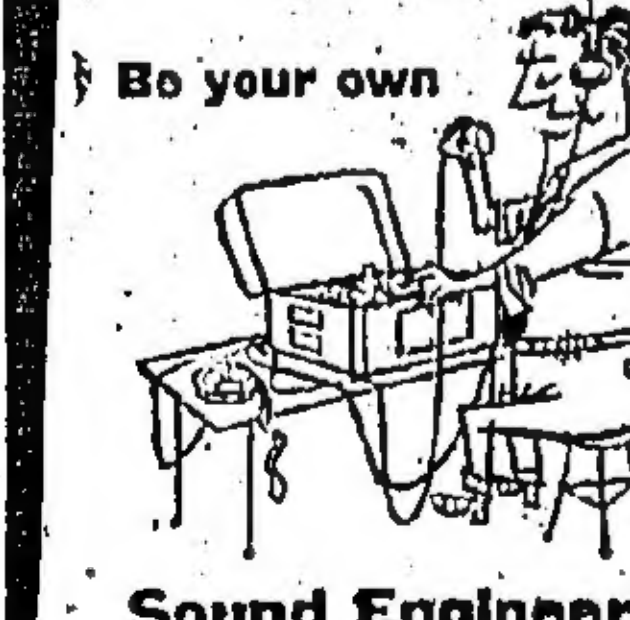


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JOHN EPPLER
Still alive

Concluding CAT AND MOUSE: The fantastic final twist
to the undercover war of spy and counter-spy

Rommel is fooled—by his own secret code

Rommel did not know that his spies in
Cairo had been captured. Their secret radio
was still on the air... with a British officer
sending "planted" information in the crucial
pre-Alamein days.

IT was the morning conference at Rommel's battle
headquarters in the Western Desert, and what was
on the schedule was a fateful decision.
Outside the field-marshal's tent, hidden in wadis
under camouflage nets, the soldiers of the Afrikakorps
waited beside their tanks for the order to advance. It
was to be the final attack this time—the attack that
would sweep the Eighth Army out of Egypt and plant the
Nazis flag on the Nile.

"The question to be
decided," Rommel told his
assembled generals, "is
where we hit them—and
when. How much time
have we got before the British
are ready?"

Hand shook

THERE was an interrup-
tion as a junior officer
came into the tent, gave the
Nazi salute, and then went
across to the general in
charge of signals. He handed
over a message pad, his
hand shaking with excite-
ment.

Rommel looked across,
testily. "What is it? Why
are you disturbing us?" he
asked, irritably.

In answer, the general
handed across the message.
He too looked tense and
excited now. "I think you
will agree that he was right
to come in, Herr Feld-
marschal," he said. "It is a
message from Eppler."

Rommel took the message
pad and began to read, and
suddenly he began to smile.

"CONDOR CALLING, CON-
DOR CALLING," the message
began. "HAVE CONFIRMED
MESSAGE FROM RELI-
ABLEST SOURCE. EIGHTH
ARMY PLAN MAKE FINAL
STAND IN BATTLE FOR
EGYPT AT ALAM HALFA.
THEY ARE STILL AWAIT-
ING REINFORCEMENTS AND
NOT YET READY FOR MORE
THAN MAKESHIFT DEFENCE.
FOLLOWING REINFORCE-
MENTS HAVE ARRIVED
PORT SAID BUT WILL NOT
BE MOVING DESERTWARDS
FOR MONTH."

Then followed a list of newly
arrived British and South
African units.

Rommel slapped his thigh.
"John Eppler again! My
Herren, our spy in Cairo is the
greatest hero of them all."

He turned to his staff officer,
and now his face was alight.
"We will attack in 48 hours
time," he said, "and we will
attack at Alam Halfa. I
leave me please, while I write
my Order of the Day."

Congratulations!

AS the generals, all of them
afire now, marched from the
tent, Rommel called out to the
signals commander. "Send back
my warmest congratulations to
Eppler," he said, "and tell him
I am recommending the Fuehrer
to award him our highest de-
coration for his skill, courage,
and persistence."

It was a decoration John
Eppler was never to receive.
For that message from Condor
—which tricked Rommel into
attacking us at Alam Halfa,
when our real line of defence
was at Alamein—was sent not
by Eppler but by the British.

Eppler himself was in a prison
cell at the interrogation centre
at Meadi, near Cairo. His com-
rade, Monkster, was recovering
from a suicide attempt in the
prison hospital.

And a British signals officer,
keeping Eppler's rendezvous
with the Abwehr listening post
in Athens, using Eppler's radio
and Eppler's code, was begin-
ning the game of Cat and Mouse
that was to become a thriller
and a vital part in winning
for Britain the all-important
Battle of Alamein.

by
**LEONARD
MOSLEY**

But we got the code only just
in time.

At 20 minutes before mid-
night, when the Nazi listen-
ing post was due to make con-
tact with the spy, we still did
not know the secret of it.

At his house in Cairo's
Garden City, the civilian
counter-espionage agent, Robby,
was still wrestling with his copy
of Daphne du Maurier's novel,
Rebecca, which Eppler had
been using as his code manual.

In the European goal in Cairo,
interrogating officers were
taking the dancer, Helmut
Fathmy, over his testimony
again and again, probing for
the vital clue.

In the military goal of the
Egyptian Army more officers
were grilling Lieutenant Sadat,
the young Egyptian Army officer
(now a member of Nasser's
Cabinet) who had been work-
ing with the spies.

On Eppler himself the screws
were being tightly turned to
make him talk—and make him
talk quickly.

And, just in time, we got the
code and put the first message
over. The Germans were hook-
ed. Now we could start the game
of tricking them.

Who talked?

WHICH of the captives—
Eppler, Monkster, Fathmy,
or Sadat—had talked?

Now no one, I am sure, is
naïve enough to believe that a
spy gets gentle treatment when
he is caught. He may be a hero
to his own country, but to the
enemy he is beyond the law.

In my experience no German
spy was caught was ever physi-
cally tortured. But Eppler's
activities had put the British
Army in Egypt in mortal danger
at a critical moment in the war.

For such a spy there was only
one end—death before a firing
squad. But first, before we shot
him, we wanted to reap for
ourselves some dividends from
the undercover work in which
he had been engaged.

Eppler says that only once
was violence used upon him,
when a burly sergeant beat him
up and broke his nose. (His nose
is certainly broken.) Other-
wise, the methods we used were
more subtle.

We alternated the treatment.
He would be roughly questioned
for hours on end, left without
food or drink, and then the
brutal officer would go out and
another would enter, all smiles.

"Don't take any notice of that
chap," the officer would say.
"He's a bit screwy. His mother
got killed by one of your bombs.
Have a cigarette, old boy, and
how about a cup of tea?"

And after he had been cap-
tured he had to go through
what must have been for him
the most terrifying experience
of all. He was taken to the
prison hospital and told to roll
up his sleeve. The doctor took
up a syringe.

"I've always wanted an op-
portunity to experiment with
these drugs on human beings,"
he said. "So far I've had only
animals to try them on."

All which he moved in, while
the doctor held Eppler, to make
the injection.



"Leave him alone," said the officer, "we're not the Gestapo..."

According to Eppler him-
self, he actually was drugged
on this occasion and questioned
about himself, his work, his
code, his contacts. But my in-
formation is that the syringe
never went in.

For at that moment the door
of the operating room burst
open and a couple of British
officers came in. "Leave him
alone, you swine," they said to
the doctor. "What do you think
this is—the Gestapo?"

And loosening Eppler they led
him back to his cell, apologiz-
ing for the man's behaviour.
Eppler, not quite knowing what
to believe, hungry and dis-
traught, believed it all genuine.

"How could they be so nice
when the other was such a
beast?" he said. "He acted
just like the Gestapo."

Did this macabre but neces-
sary game of bluff succeed?
Sadat insists that it was
Eppler who gave the whole
thing away.

"The British interrogated the
Germans for 24 hours," he says,
"but they refused to talk. It
happened that Winston Church-
ill was passing through Cairo
at this time, and he said
he would like to interrogate the
spies himself. Thought before
Churchill the spies, at first
persisted in their silence, but
when the Prime Minister
promised that their lives would
be spared, they talked."

And Sadat added scornfully:
"It was not even the British

themselves who had captured
them, but they had been betray-
ed by two amiable Jewesses,
These ladies of doubtful virtue
had been promised £200 for
their services. What matter if
they got it from the young Nazis
or from the British Intelligence
Service?"

But the ways of Military
Intelligence are mysterious and
devious, and just how we
cracked the Eppler code and
went into business with the
Nazis is the only secret of this
story which I am pledged not to
tell. You must make your own
guesses about it. I can only say
that, thanks to persistence,
ingenuity, and dedicated skill,
we got it in the end.

"CONDOR CALLING, CON-
DOR CALLING," a British
signals officer tapped out. "I
HAVE INFORMATION FOR
YOU."

"CALLING CONDOR, CALL-
ING CONDOR," said the young
Nazis. "WE ARE LISTENING."

Detailed, false

AND the Nazi listening post
in Athens tuned in and

(* It was, in fact, the com-
bined activities of British
counter-espionage and one
Jewess, Yvette, who helped to
track down the spies. And
Yvette was a Jewish agent. For
the £200 the British gave her
for her services they got an
official receipt from the Relief
Fund for Jewish Immigrants in
Palestine.)

listened in to our copious,
startling, detailed, and complete
by false information about what
the Eighth Army was planning
to do in the battle for Africa.
They went on thinking that it
came from their hero-spy, John
Eppler. And Field-Marshal
Rommel never did discover that
the German whom he thought
to be the bravest of them all
was in reality—though against
his will—helping us.

He died believing that John
Eppler was not only the greatest
—which he was—but also the
most successful spy of them all,
which he was not.

And that, though not the end
of his life, is really the end of
the story of John Eppler. Of
all the German spies captured
during the war, he and
Monkster were the only two
not to be executed.

Monkster recovered from his
wounds and, was like Eppler,
sent back to Germany. He now
lives in Dar-es-Salaam in East
Africa.

Sadat escaped from prison
camp, rose to be Minister in
Nasser's Cabinet, and had the
satisfaction of turning the
tables on Major Alfred Sansom,
the counter-espionage agent
who arrested him and Eppler,
by arresting Sansom when
Nasser came into power.

The lovely Helmut Fathmy
was released after a year in gaol
and now lives in Cairo, too
plump, I am afraid, to intoxicate
the senses with the rhythmic
sway of her once-supple body.

What does Eppler do now?
He drives around Germany
and France in fast cars, his
favourite hobby. He occasionally
sees, in Paris, a British officer
named Cecil who was one of his
chief interrogators. He has a
pretty wife, a champion golden
spaniel named Klaus, and a
house in the South.

He seems to show few scars
from his experiences. He is as
devil-may-care as ever, with a
book business to occupy his time,
and money to spend. And why
shouldn't he be cheerful?

"I survived," he says. He did
indeed. He also hoped us to
win the war... though he will
never know how much.

But there is, to this drama,
which did so much to turn the
tide against the Nazis in the war
in Africa, one tragic footnote.

Just before Rommel planned
to make his attack at Alam
Halfa, forward Nazi posts in the
desert sighted a British scout
car picking its way across No
Man's Land.

They grinned because the
scout car was going slap on to
one of their minefields. "The
British fool will blow himself
up if he continues on that
course," they said gleefully.

Which, a few minutes later, is
exactly what the scout car did.
And as darkness fell, the Nazis
sent out a patrol to examine the
car. Inside they found the
shattered, dead body of a British
officer. Beside him was an
operational map, torn but legi-
ble.

Regretted it

THAT map went straight to
Rommel's headquarters and
the Germans put much reliance
upon it later—for it was mark-
ed "Top Secret" and showed secret
paths through the British
lines.

Rommel decided to use those
paths himself. He regretted it
later, for the paths took him
into some of the softest desert
sand in the region. The map
was false, deliberately planted
on them.

And the man who died in
delivering it? You will remem-
ber that, a few weeks before,
a certain Major "Smith" and
stayed the night with Helmut
Fathmy—though he was sup-
posed to be on his way to the
Western Desert with secret
documents.

Helmut Fathmy had turned
those documents over to Eppler
—and only his capture by
Major Sansom had prevented
him from passing them on to
Rommel.

Well, when the Germans went
through the papers of the dead
officer in the scout car, they
found his name—

"It was the same Major
"Smith."

He had found one way of
evening up the score.

THE END

This series has been adapted
from "The Cat and the Mouse," to
be published by Arthur Barker.

JAK'S
SATURDAY
ROUNDOABOUT



"As I see it — a vista of
loam sweeping away to a
delicate Japanese rockery,
set off by massed
chrysanthemums."



"It's good to be out in the
fresh air on a day like this."



"These DAMN tools!"



"Well, you're enjoying
yourself, why shouldn't I?"



"Put an ad in the paper—
'Wanted, 20/- 11m's
gardener'."

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



There's More than Magic in

FRY'S 4 FAVOURITES



They are Delicious.

JOHNNY HAZARD

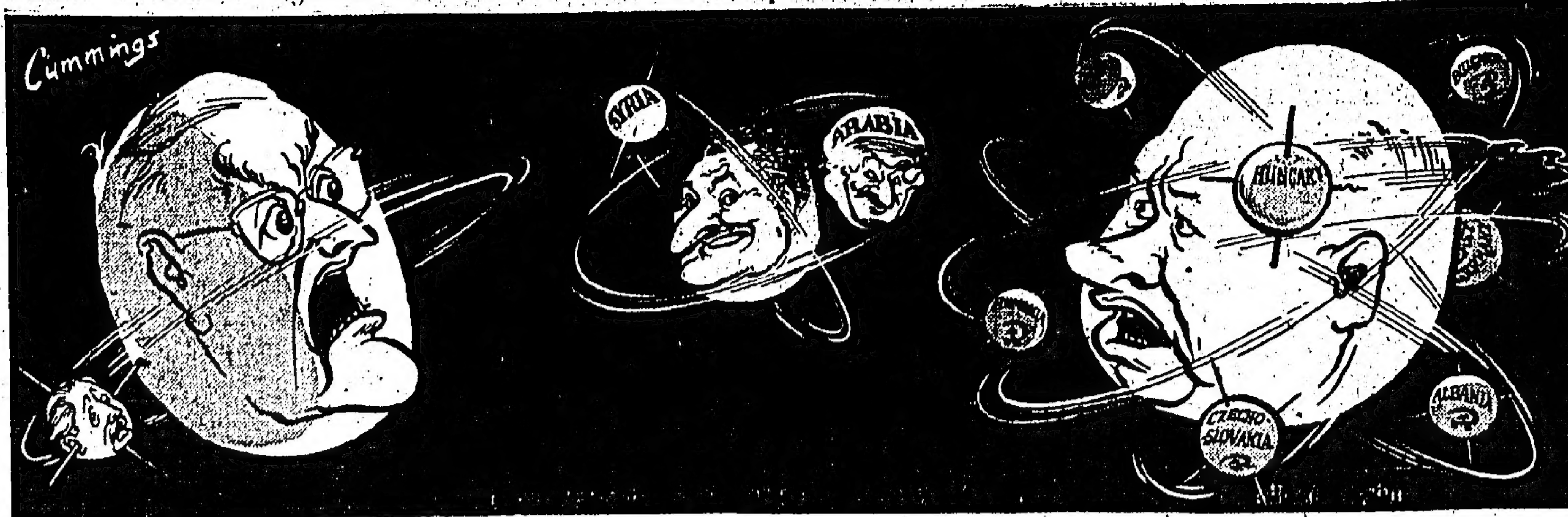
By Frank Robbins



AUSTIN!

THE CAR
for your
HOME LEAVE

METRO CARS (H.K.) LTD.



"Ouch—but Nasser was supposed to satellite round me..."



A survivor of the Titanic disaster, Commander J.G. Boxhall, who was fourth officer on board the Titanic the night it sank. He is seen here advising Kenneth More who is taking part in the Rank film now being made of the Titanic.

Courtesy J. Arthur Rank.

At this very moment, forty-six years ago, the Titanic was speeding across the Atlantic to keep a rendezvous with death. At the same moment, an iceberg which had been lurking off the coast of Newfoundland, began to move South.

On Sunday evening, the fourteenth of April, the iceberg had pinpointed its position with mathematical accuracy, and waited for the unsinkable Titanic to take up the challenge.

At the eleventh second of the eleventh minute of the eleventh hour, the Titanic refused the head-on encounter, and swung to port. She seemed to have avoided combat, but from under the black oily sea, the iceberg reached a fang, sharpened by centuries of icy fury.

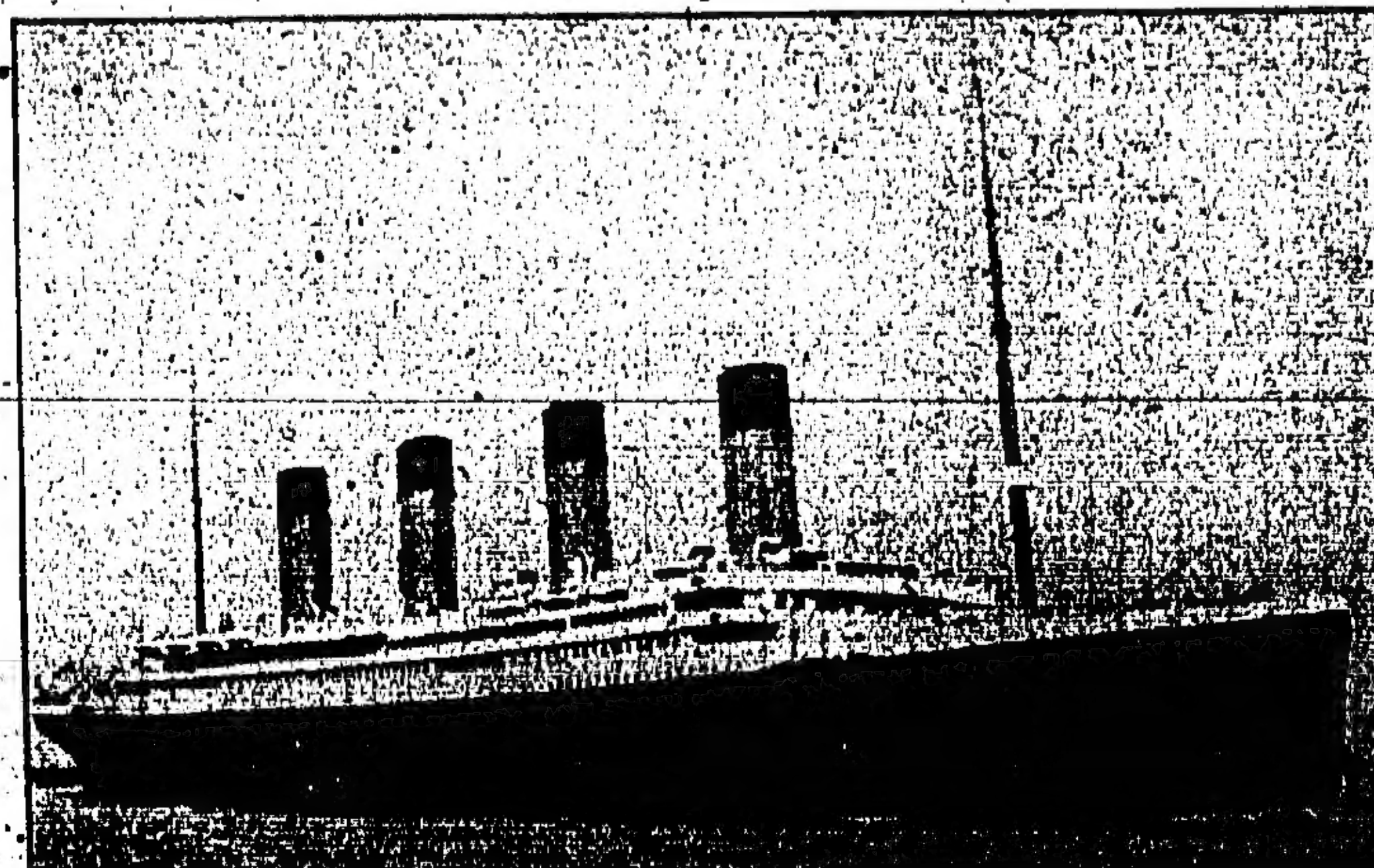
The iceberg ripped the ship's belly open, and left her naked to the sea. For three hours, the Titanic lay mortally wounded, then, with a gasp of despair, she plunged to the bottom of the Atlantic where she will lie until the sea gives up its dead.

Palace

The Titanic, built at Belfast at the shipyards of Harland and Wolff, was the arrogant symbol of a materialistic age that would endure forever. Everywhere was man triumphant. During the past century he had removed mountains, changed the course of rivers, spanned whole continents with his railways, and driven back the sea from his lands.

The heavens were black with the smoke of his chimneys as his factories spewed out wealth that would never cease. Nature had at last bent her knee and surrendered to man who had enslaved her. Even the skies experienced the humiliation of man's arrogant encounter, for he hurled his machines and rode the fleecy clouds with ever increasing confidence.

So came the unsinkable ship. The arrogant aristocrat of the new wealth were unwilling to



The Titanic. This photograph was taken in Southampton Water by the ill-fated ship, left, to keep rendezvous with death by ice, April 10, 1912.

Courtesy J. Arthur Rank.

TITANIC

prey to the ice sea fury
symbol of a conquering age
ANTHONY FULLER

The actual encounter with the iceberg seemed very slight. Scarcely any were aware of it. A slight jar at the most. No one took any notice. An inspection revealed that the ship was ripped through watertight compartment after compartment. Nothing could save her.

It was the very mystic nature of the Titanic's death that captured public imagination. One colossal iceberg with a treacherous underwater fang had placed herself in the exact spot where she could murder the ship.

The following Sunday, memorial services were held in churches all over the world. Newspapers were published with heavy black borders like old fashioned memorial cards.

Clergymen spoke with sympathy of the dead but one week, confined in the huge ship now resting at the bottom of the Atlantic. But many spoke of arrogant pride and used as a text the words of scripture that say "Go to, let us build a city and a tower, whose top may reach unto heaven." And so it was that at the apex of a rational age, the common people spoke of Divine intervention, of the wrath of God visited upon arrogant mankind. In spite of everything, searching enquiries, eyewitness reports and the like, the mystery of the whole affair has never been cleared up. The question is why did Captain Smith, the master of the Titanic, proceed on his course after the ship had received so many ice warnings on the new fangled wireless?

We know that J. Bruce Ismay was on the ship. He was President of the White Star Line. The White Star Line badly needed the Blue Ribbon for the fastest Atlantic crossing. Did such an experienced commander as Captain Smith allow himself to be overruled by a land lubber?

We know that First Officer Murdoch, an ambitious man,

was on the bridge at the moment of collision with the iceberg. There is rumour that during a scene between Ismay and Captain Smith on the question of the Titanic altering course, the ambitious Murdoch sided with Ismay against Smith. We shall never know for certain, for although Ismay was rescued, he never spoke of the disaster. Captain Smith and Murdoch went down with the ship. That Ismay did interfere in the ship's affairs is without doubt, and perhaps the bravest words spoken to him were by a junior officer who told him to "get to hell out of it," when Ismay tried to give instructions about launching a life boat.

S.O.S.

Once the ship was doomed, everything went wrong. All that Sunday, the wireless operators had been busy sending frivolous messages for the passengers who wanted to play with the new fangled thing.

Just after midnight, the operators were told to tap out the letters, CQD, the international distress call of that time.

A few miles away, the wireless operator on the Californian had taken off his carphones. He had sent the Titanic an ice warning, now he was tired, so he went to bed. The Californian could have picked up the passengers from the Titanic, but the Californian's wireless officer was so he never heard the Titanic's CQD, nor the later SOS.

About half-past-twelve, early Monday morning, the Carpathia received the CQD, and turned back to aid the Titanic. The Carpathia was sixty miles away.

A new call-sign had been decided upon just before the Titanic sailed, the easy "S.O.S." This call was sent out. On the horizon could be seen the lights of another ship. It was the Californian. It was the Titanic's only hope.

An hour and a half before she foundered, the Titanic sent up a burst of rockets. They were seen by members of the Californian's crew. They wondered what next this super monster of the deep would do. Did the passengers of the Titanic never sleep? Fancy firing rockets at one o'clock in the morning!

So, while the Carpathia raced through the night, and the Californian plumed a few miles away, the unsinkable Titanic began to go down. At first, there was no panic. Everyone on board knew they travelled on the unsinkable ship, but as the water began to creep across the decks, the order to get into the boats was obeyed.

There were insufficient boats. Only about one-third of the passengers could be accommodated, and not all of them had gone, having more faith in the claims made for the ship than the evidence around them. Just after 2 a.m., it was at last apparent that all on the ship, that they would sink. The thought of survival in that ink black sea was out of the question. In

the distance, the iceberg glowered and skulked in the gloom, watching her victim, and waiting to wander off in the dawn so that she was never really identified.

As the water washed the deck, the passengers clustered together. Up till now they had been listening to the band, while some had been praying, others murmuring—but in the main, hope triumphed over despair.

Then, as light after light went out, and they were left to the mercy of the ice-bound sea, the bandmaster tapped his baton on this music stand.

The band ceased playing its cheery jazz numbers and broke into the hymn tune, "Autumn," no, "Nearer My God To Thee," as popular legend has it.

"The band was playing as the ship went down. 'Nearer my God To Thee.' 'They came to save their lives, 'Over the ice-bound sea.'"

I quote the lines from memory, for I heard them sung at a performance of the first Titanic film at a London cinema.

The world refused to believe that the ship had sunk. The first newspaper reports gave it that there had been a mishap, but all the passengers were saved. Then, as the full extent of the disaster became known, the whole world stopped work and wondered, and prayed.

I am told by people who remember the event that it marked the end of an era of security and an over-confident belief in material progress. From then on, disaster after disaster overwhelmed the age. Two years later began the universal slaughter that men call the first World War.

The writer would like to express his thanks to Mr George Rearden of the Rank Organisation, and the research department of J. Arthur Rank, who supplied him with the data and pictures for this article. J. Arthur Rank's are making a film of the Titanic, the biggest ever to emerge from Rank's studios, based on Mr Walter Lord's fact-finding book, "A Night To Remember."



THIS is the G



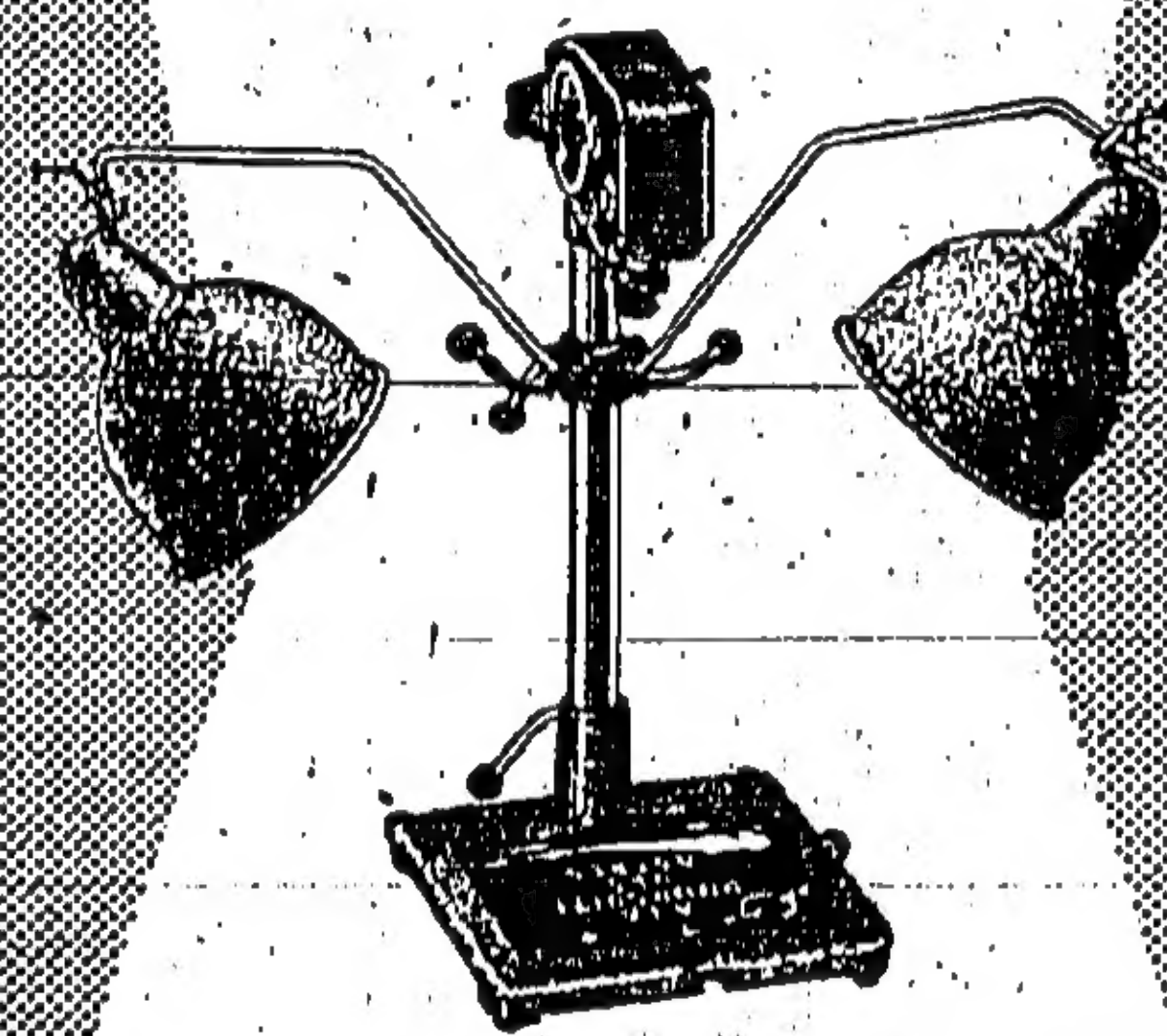
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LAST DAYS OF SHANGHAI

By JOHN LUFF

I AM looking at my Exit Permit now. It is an unimpressive document, just a bit of paper folded down the middle and over-printed with some Chinese characters which themselves ask so little about me. My name, my age, and my passport number, and one other, my sex. Inside is a photograph of my somewhat younger self, specially taken for the occasion. I am smiling. By the time I had visited the various offices to obtain this Exit Permit, they had wiped that smile right off my face.

There are twelve chops on the document, which means to say I had to pay twelve separate visits to twelve separate authorities in connection with this one document. Add to that number the visits to the Health Authorities, travel agents, and all the usual business connected with a considerable journey, and you will have some idea of what getting out of China meant. Never could a scrap of paper have been so hard to obtain.

From beginning to end, not one word of English was spoken. The men we saw could speak English all right, but they would not. Fair enough, Chinese is the language of China, but the person who had lived there so long, and could not make himself understood was to say the least, made to feel uncomfortable. The drill was to take along your servant, a mental who was, nevertheless, something of a linguist. I got my form, and the only bit of English writing on it is opposite the characters I was told to denote "Foreign name."

Rea

So in April, 1950, I set out for the town in pursuit of this Exit Permit. Application was fairly easy. I was asked why I wanted to leave China, and gave the excuse we were all giving, my work. I was then given certain forms to fill up which gave a fairly detailed report of the length of time I had been in China, and all that I had done there. These forms had to be returned to the Exit Permit Authorities with the chop of a guarantor. This latter presented no difficulty, for one of the longest British consulates in Shanghai were prepared to state that John Luff was a good citizen, so then sponsored, I returned my forms to the Chinese Exit Permit Authorities. They in turn as quickly returned them, and told me my sponsor

guaranteed as a guarantor. So I went to see him. I explained my difficulty, and he was immediately anxious to comply with my wishes, but we both doubted whether such a simple circumstance as he would be considered of sufficient importance to act as a guarantor to a foreigner. However, he took the form, and without hesitation fixed his chop, and I retraced it to the Authorities.

Tape

I saw him a day or so later, and he told me he had been cross-examined by a visiting official. What he did not tell me was that he had stood up for me, had waived aside any suggestion that I might be a person who had, or who would, hurt his country in any way. He said I was a good man. The next day I received my Exit Permit. When we British tell our tales of National Pride, they are usually tales of noble deeds, far removed from the mundane influences of personal advantage. Our literature is rich with tales of friendship. Consider then if you will. This Chinese had stood up to the whole judgement of official bureaucracy to speak on behalf

of one he called friend. It was a beautiful thing to do, and men have been canonised for less. To have thought of reward would have spoiled the whole thing for both him and me. We let it rest there, and parted with a handshake. I hope nothing I have written should have placed him in jeopardy. I think not, for in accepting his guarantee, the Chinese Government accepted him as a man of principle. I shall not meet him again; I do not suppose I shall ever see him again; but I shall never forget him, and I am



Jardine's adopted me while in Tientsin. This is an old photograph of their riverside premises in Tientsin. Why didn't I take one? I ask you!

occasion, unless I am much mistaken, the vacuum flask was taken to pieces, and inspected. The reason? Well, people were smuggling US dollars out of China, and concealing them in such innocent objects as vacuum flasks. The Chinese made it tough for them when they were caught, but their dishonesty made it tough for us all when we came to get out. So after a journey of two nights and a day, through all the wonderful country of North China, we arrived at Tientsin at about five o'clock in the morning.

That is not a good time to be late-regulated. Still, more, than money. They showed a great interest in some War Savings Certificates we had bought in England during the War, and asked many questions about them. We were also allowed to retain a big head Chinese Silver dollar as a curio.

White Russians from Harbin, poverty stricken, homeless, the flotsam and jetsam of revolution, counter-revolution, and again revolution; the wandering Jew of the twentieth century, nowhere could they find peace.

So, through the days I walked the streets of Tientsin, white face, red face, brown face, black face, passed to and fro. Blue eyes stared coldly, brown eyes glowed hotly, black eyes narrowed curiously, and each and every one seemed to demand an explanation of it all.

There were Germans from Tsingtao, strange mystic raceless beings from Peking who long ago had lost their identity in that mysterious city. Exiles from Imperial Austria, Germany, and Russia, they seemed the Rip Van Winkles of a strange awakening, and preened themselves in an ancient manner, as if to throw off the drowsy enchantment of a life lost in Chinese life, and once again to hail William II, Francis Joseph, and Nicholas II, when the wanderers were home again. And into this maelstrom of international anarchy, Shanghai emerged its own exotic personnel.

Hungry faces, fat faces, bearded faces met in restaurants and drank strange German beers, whose trade marks reminded one of ancient castles long passed away, and of the Lorelei still singing on a rock in a never-existent Rhine.

But that, and how we left, should make a tale for next Saturday.

NEXT WEEK:

OUTWARD BOUND

Trek To Tientsin

I was taking out of Shanghai. What a job! "Collar studs, (man's) one." I paid off my servant the customary money of some months' salary, plus a little, and gave him all the things I was unable to take away, which I think were of some value to him during the months ahead.

So came the last evening of my last night in Shanghai. My day people had been calling to say goodbye. I spent the day looking over the school which I had come to love, and had hoped to add my part to its considerable reputation. So, terribly, I made my final farewells, and a friend drove me to the station. There, a little company of children had gathered to say goodbye. So it all added up to this. To leave, an object of foreigner, subjected to harsh dealing, yet richer for a glimpse of a great people about to come into their own again.

I wished I could tell them I wished them well, and that there were millions of Englishmen like me, who watched China taking her place in the community of great nations, with pride.

But the bureaucrat knows nothing of that. His breed is international, his blood so much tepid ink, his imagination no greater than a rubber stamp. Yet we, the people, have rendered all power into his hands. I could not say this to anyone for whoever found a bureaucrat with loyalty to anything but his office stood.

My wife had prepared a cold chicken for our supper, and we were able to get boiling water on the train to add to our coffee essence.

Rea

We had a first class coach to ourselves. It was scrupulously clean, on the split second in the time-table. The attendants were efficiently remote, but courteous and helpful at all times.

Food was brought to the spacious carriage which had a kind of lot-down table in the centre. We ate ham and eggs for the most part, and they were cooked very appetitously, and served on spotless plates.

There was only one unency incident on the journey. In order that we had hot drinks from time to time, we used to ask the attendant for water. One time he was gone for quite a long time, and on that

common tired, much in need of a shave and a wash, I had to go into a small room where I was questioned. For one moment, I had the idea that the train had gone onto a switch somewhere, and had finished up in Russia, for my inquisitor was not Chinese, but Russian. On the wall was the portrait of Lenin, the usual one seen in official Soviet offices. A Chinese said the Russian was the boss. On the other hand, he might have been an adviser-teacher, showing the Chinese how to carry out the job of interrogating tired passengers.

He did not keep me long, but I was told to report to the police before noon. We had a very reasonable apartment booked at the Court Hotel, and as I had an introductory letter to hand to Mr. Bridges, we were made as comfortable as the rather austere economy of Tientsin permitted. Tired, I fell asleep, and when I awakened it was past twelve o'clock. This was a pretty pickle. I had got off on the wrong foot already, and had failed to report to the police.

Tape

In a flap, I rushed round to Jardine's who had elected to place their facilities at the disposal of such stray birds as myself. I was unable to take any of their things, but I had a comfortable place to sleep in.

One of their men looked after me, and took me to the police station. I told them the truth: I was tired, I had overslept, and failed to report in time.

They were quite reasonable about it, and told me to report the next day before twelve o'clock.

As it was some eleven days before the SS Heinrich Jessen would sail from Tientsin, we had plenty of time to complete such formalities as were required. A journey to the Customs House to present their inspection such valuables we possessed. I had one pair of golf outlinks, and a set of dress studs, and a heavy cigarette case given me by some schoolchildren. Nevertheless, every item was inspected with meticulous attention, and then they were replaced in the case and sealed and stamped, and of placed out of bounds until I was territorially free of China.

A visit to the bank demanded a statement that I possessed no currency but J.M.P., the official Chinese currency. I was allowed to exchange some of this for a small amount of Hongkong

money. They showed a great interest in some War Savings Certificates we had bought in England during the War, and asked many questions about them. We were also allowed to retain a big head Chinese Silver dollar as a curio.

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NEXT WEEK:

OUTWARD BOUND

Thinking ahead...



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SHOW BUSINESS

Roderick Mann

**Rossano Brazzi's Lament:
I'm Hated In Italy...**

ROSSANO BRAZZI was sitting in the Savoy with the look of a man for whom the tumbler had just been summoned. He made room for me and I asked him the cause of his sadness. After all, wasn't he getting £20,000 a picture and regular meals?

"I will tell you," said Brazzi. "The truth is that, though I am popular elsewhere, the Italians hate me. I have just made a film of South Pacific. Still they hate me. Why should they be?"

"You tell me," I said, entering into the spirit of the thing. "I made a success outside Italy," said Brazzi. "This they cannot forgive. It is the same with Sophia Loren. They hate her too, if we had both stayed home and starved to death they would have loved us. But to make money in Hollywood—that was unforgivable."

He sat there, with his grey suit and matching hair, looking disconsolate.

A LONG, LONG SIGH

"Do you know," said Brazzi, "I must have brought millions in tourism to Italy—through Summer Madness and Three Coins in a Fountain. Guides no longer say: 'That's the monument by Bernini.' They say: 'That's where Brazzi kissed Hepburn.'"

He sighed. A long, sad, back-of-the-shills sigh. "What about Lollobrigida?" I asked. "Ah," said Brazzi. "What about her?"

"You misunderstand," I said. "I mean—is she also classified amongst the damned?"

"No," said Brazzi. "She's all right. You see, she stays in Italy."

"What do you think of her?"

"I wouldn't cross the street to see her," said Brazzi pleasantly.

LAST FRIENDS...

"WHILE we're on the subject of last friends, are there anyone else you wouldn't cross the street to see?"

"Yes," said Brazzi, darkly. "Ava Gardner. By way of explanation, he added: 'I made a film with her once.'"

As he spoke his eyes took in the entire room like radar scanners, as if expecting at any moment that she would leap from behind a curtain (a feat, I might add, at which Miss Gardner excels.)

"Sometimes I wonder about show business," said Brazzi mournfully. "About friends, I mean. When I first went to Hollywood in 1949 to make Little Women they were all over me. Then the film came out and was a flop. Do you know I never got a single phone call after that?"

"And now..."

"Well," said Brazzi. "Now I have no friends in show business. It's just not possible. All the time you're talking to another actor you know he is watching his profile in the mirror or wondering how he can steal your part."

"MY BEST YET"

"TALKING about parts," I said, "what about your new film South Pacific?"



SINATRA, BRAZZI
Title contenders.

"Well," said Brazzi. "I can only tell you I took David Lean to the premiere in New York and he said it was the best thing I had done."

"I'm glad about that," I said. "Because you've made some stinkers since last we met."

He looked disconsolate again. "Yes," he said, "there was Intimide, with that awful girl June Allyson—how can Dick Powell stand her?—and Legend of the Lost, with Loren and John Wayne. That was really horrible. We lived in the desert for weeks, you know, and hated each other."

"You walked out into the foyer," I said. "You know what I am?" he said sadly.

"Tell me," I said. "I am Hollywood's No. 2 Dago," said Brazzi.

He walked to the door. "Who's No. 1?" I called after him.

"Why," said Brazzi, "Sinatra, of course."

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Now Mr. Amies Creates A Gay New Shape For Men

IT'S CASUAL AND YOUTHFUL... I FORESEE THE BACKGROUND MOVING FORWARD



PICTURE BY ROY ROUND.

Spring coat with all the new lines — an easy oval shape, a wider neckline, and a band and button at the hem. Because it's short it's not difficult to walk in. I've tried it. Designed by Spectator Sports. It costs 17 guineas. Hat by Hugh Beresford. The man's coat belongs to Mr. Amies. No, that's not him inside it. He was at Buckingham Palace discussing the Queen's clothes for her recent visit to Holland when the picture was taken.

MR. HARDY AMIES, the Queen's dressmaker, king of a successful couturier business, an equally successful off-the-peg business, and a plushy little Georgian house in Kensington is now adding to his empire. He is the first of the British Top Ten to design clothes for men.

"What's new?" I asked him when I called in to see him in Kensington. "The shape," said he, "but surely you've noticed all the really well-dressed men are a TOTALLY DIFFERENT SHAPE."

"That old double-breasted buttoned-up-and-down look has gone. It couldn't be more dated. These so-called 'best dressers' — politicians mostly — with their long, sad overcoats flapping round their calves — they're FINISHED."

"You must have noticed?" I explained that to most women, men, sartorially speaking, are merely a background.

And as far as the shape of the background is concerned anything large, square, dark, and not too sharp at the corners will do splendidly.

The thin, angular type with splashes of extrovert colour are never entirely satisfactory.

They tend to get into the foreground and compete. "Really," continued Mr. Amies — hitching his faintly drab trousers at the knee and crossing one hand-made shoe over the other, "one is terrified to talk of anything revolutionary in men's wear."

"Immediately the public seems to get the impression that it's either something out of the chorus from *Traviata* or a *Space Suit*.

YOUNGER!

"Nothing could be further from the truth."

"It's simply that every well-turned-out man is now looking YOUNGER."

"It's the effect of the shorter, casual overcoat... the roomy slightly sack-shaped jacket... and, of course, no braces."

"Braces are the most aging bit of gadgetry ever."

"Just to wear them makes one feel old."

(He rang the bell. "Easton — my beaver-lined overcoat, please and the black and white check and the evening coat.")

"You must see for yourself what I mean" — and with the

return of Easton (his valet) he demonstrated.

It is a youthful look right enough. In his flannel black bowler, his short triangular overcoat and his long narrow trousers, Mr. Amies looked absurdly like the eternally young lover in *Parisian* *Peynet's* drawings.

But as a background? I'm not so certain.

Frozen out

I ATE out in style last week. I lashed up by batteries of well-starched waiters. I dined several costly meals.

My ideas is that 'practically everything I ate, including the shrimps, the scallop, and the salmon... the peas, broccoli, baby sprouts, asparagus, raspberries, strawberries, pineapple and so on (no, of course I didn't mix all that at one sitting) came straight out of

that non-striking, labour-saving, ice-cold friend of every hotel keeper — the DEEP FREEZER.

What worries me is that, if we don't watch out, we are going to get to the fearful state where, willy nilly, darn nearly, everything gets frozen—even when it's in season.

Nothing tasted of FOOD!

Why?

At the moment most of the hotels round my home serve frozen sprouts — and a few hundred yards away the market gardens are full of fresh ones.

I wanted fresh haddock recently. "Fresh frozen," said my fishmonger, who is scarcely

able to move round his little shop since he imported a giant deep-freeze cabinet. "Tastes like cotton wool," said I.

"Then take a nice bottle of tomato ketchup too, dear," said he helpfully.

They tell me that's what they do in the States.

No wonder. Randolph Churchill almost wept on TV when he recalled his lost 20lb. — "nothing tastes of anything over there."

I say we are in danger of losing our palates.

We may well be in danger of losing 20lb. too — and, sorry Randolph, some of us can't spare it!

Why Are Black Stocking Girls So Sad?

I've been longing to talk to one.

To this end I found myself in a coffee bar in Chelsea, sharing a seat—the only vacant seat—with a virtuous of the wash-board. I hoped he might introduce me to some girls.

"Call me Frank," said he. "Tell me," said I—indicating the many black-stockinged-ones draped over the tables — "why so sad. Why the general air of mourning?"

"What's they got to laugh at?" said Frank.

"Do they write?" said I.

"More like can they write," said Frank.

"What do they talk about?" said I.

"What would we be talking about if you'd just put down that notebook and relax," said Frank.

I said I couldn't imagine.

EVER since the days of Noah, no doubt, tidy-minded people like me have rejoiced to see the species going two by two.

But for some time I have been mildly bothered.

There didn't seem to be any Angry Young Women to partner the Angry Young Men.

Chaps who charge around ticking off everybody over 23 and willing off anyone over 30.

shouting in theatres and hitting each other in pubs seem to merit an equally noticeable counterpart.

At last a type is emerging. She has sad, straight hair, a Suna Fortman fringe, eyes made up like an oodlesque, and chalk pink lips.

She wears a short black sack and long black stockings.

Just as it's mothers with the boys it's black stockings for the girls — or, occasionally, navy blue.

WHAT A FUSS I CAUSED...

It seems I'm "wise", "brilliant", "hilariously funny", "empty headed", "outdated", and "absolutely right", according to my readers.

Oh, what a storm blew up and around my ears because I proposed less sport in girls' schools.

"Have you never played a good, fast game of hockey?" writes a reader from Eastleigh, Hants. "And have you never known the happiness and satisfaction that comes from the knowledge of having given your best to something you love and enjoy doing?"

The answer to the first question is NO. The answer to the second is YES—but it wasn't at hockey.

—VERONICA PAPWORTH.

A Colour Scheme Of Blue And Yellow



IT WAS a blue and yellow colour scheme for the Queen recently. The blue, gold-edged ribbon of the Order of the Lion of the Netherlands was set off by the magnificent dress by Hartnell which Robb presents for you here.

Made of palest yellow satin — a surprise colour for the Queen — its big belled skirt was swathed with ruffled lace in pale blue and yellow, and sparkled with aquamarine and topaz. And swagged from the side ran a train of sky-blue satin that tucked under the hem in front and made a stately trail behind.

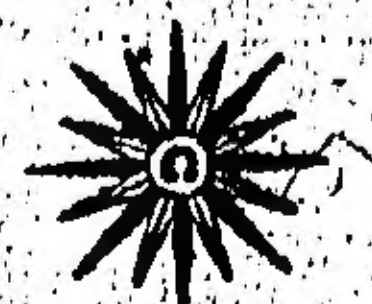
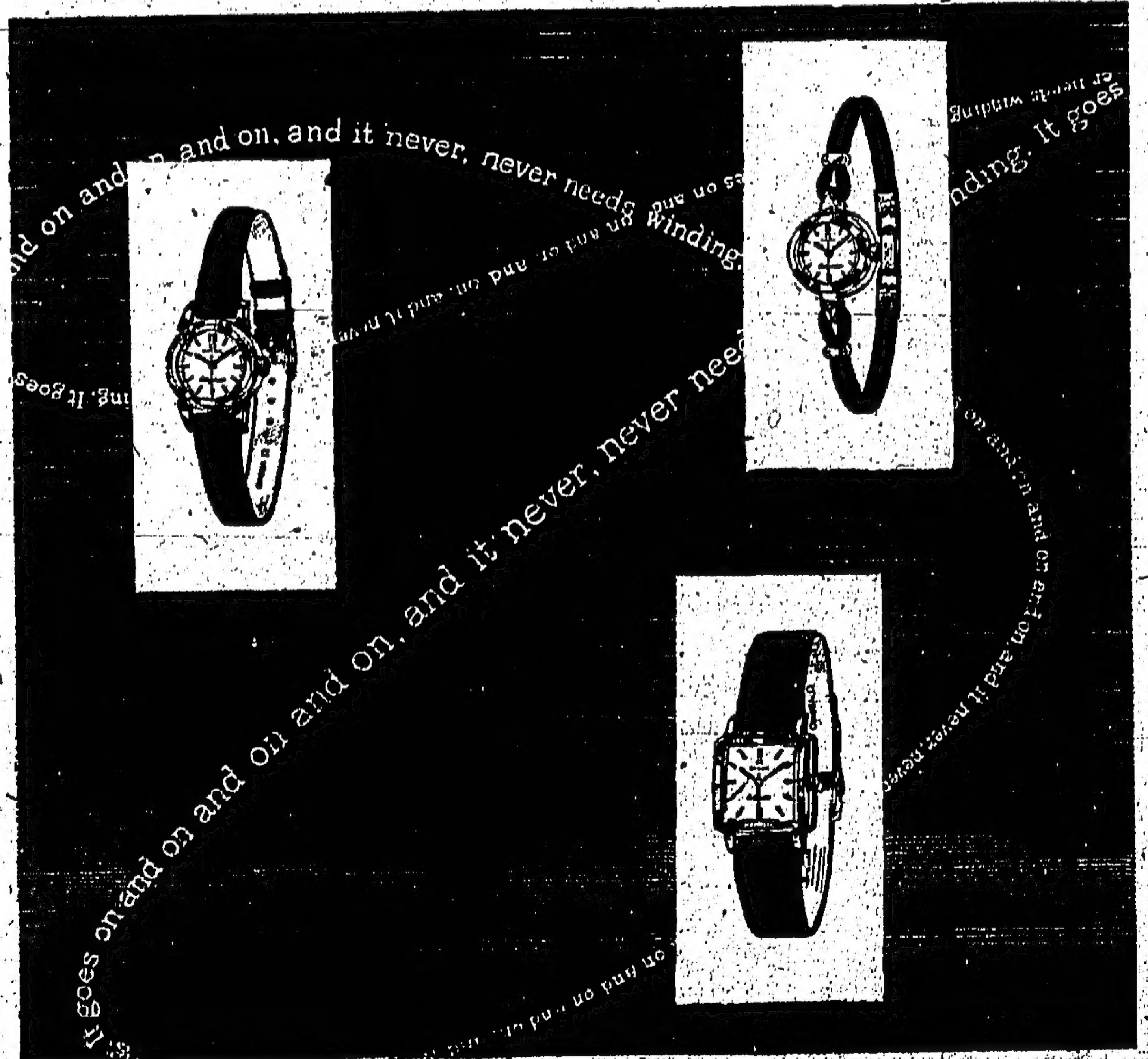
Drawn by Robb

Omega's Latest Marvellous Creation for Ladies

The New Omega Ladymatic

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Mr. Pong Ding-yuen, new chairman of the Po Leung Kuk, is seen at the official reception after his appointment, with the Hon. J. C. McDouall.



The centenary of the pioneer auctioneering firm of Lamert Brothers is celebrated at the Hongkong Jockey Club.

LEFT: Mr. K. A. Watson, partner of the firm, welcomes Mrs. W. V. Pennell.

ABOVE: At the party... Mrs. R. Poston, Mrs. E. H. Pritchard, and Mrs. K. Allport.

Staff Photographers



Members of the Japanese all-girl Shochiku Revue sailed from Hongkong aboard the President Cleveland just as the film 'Sayorana' arrived to explain their set-up, and one of their own films 'Underwater Romance'.

Above—from the left Misses Michika Kai, Michiko O'Gi, M. Wu, and Yoko Tamaki are seen at the farewell party (left and below) before the Cleveland sails.

Staff Photographer



Mr. D. W. B. Baron, Director of Social Welfare, is seen at the opening of the 2nd Children's Toy Exhibition in Tsimshatsui.



Mr. J. C. Jones, Assistant Education Adviser on Technical Education to the Secretary of State for the Colonies at the Aberdeen Trade School.



Jean Pratt, Cambridge anthropologist spending a year in the Hakka village of Sha Lo Tung, speaks at the YWCA.

RIGHT: Mrs. L. G. Morgan, wife of the Acting Director of Education, presenting parcels at the Juvenile Care Centre.

BELOW: Guests at the same function applauded a lively programme of folk dances and songs.

Staff Photographer



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EASTER WEDDINGS

BELOW: Dr Frederick Y. K. Ong of Singapore and his bride Betty Lake Hol-zin outside the Supreme Court. Inset—their bridesmaids.
RIGHT: Mr Francis Blackburn and Kathleen Rowan on the steps of St Teresa's.

Staff Photographers



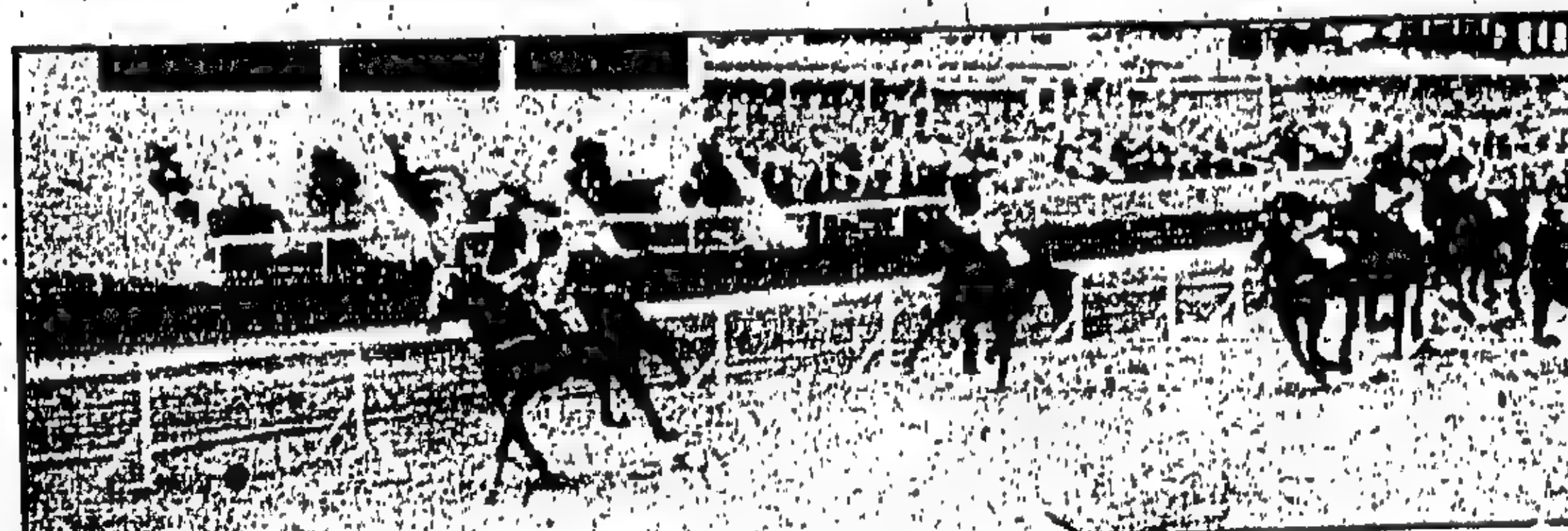
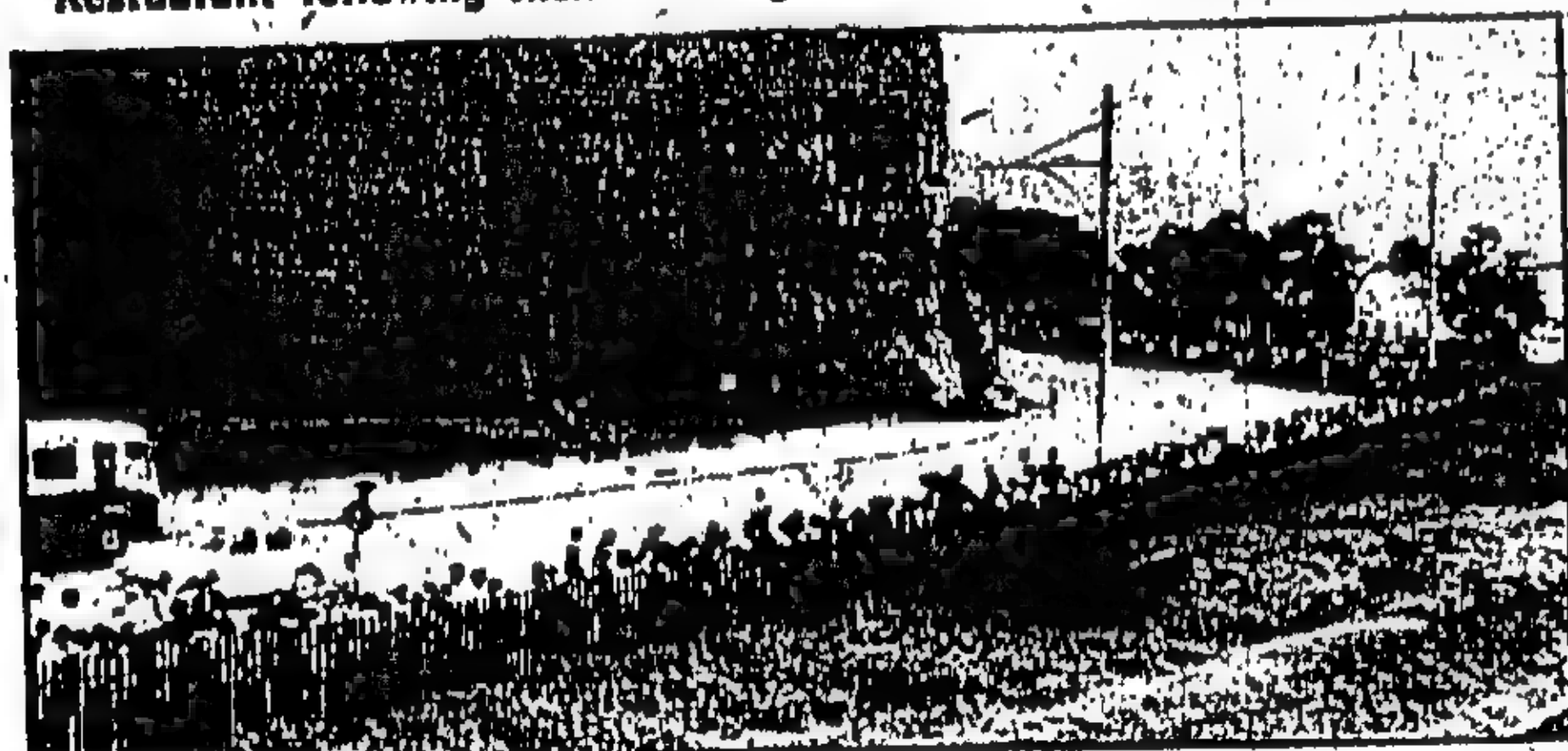
Good Friday in the Christian calendar coincided with the Chinese "Children's Day." And Easter Saturday was the Chinese Ching Ming Festival when extra trains and buses catered for huge queues (above and left) of pilgrims making ceremonial family visits to their hillside family graves . . . the beginning of Summer.

Staff Photographer



Bruce Wing-cheong Lo and Vivian Young are seen at the Kwong Chau Restaurant following their wedding.

Staff Photographer



EASTER RACING

The Sussex and Oxford handicaps at Happy Valley.

Staff.



EASTER MORNING

Before dawn members of Union Church arrived on the Peak for the first of many services throughout the Colony. Above are Mr V. C. Seymour and (in white) the Rev. R. C. Symington. Left are members of the congregation seen by the light of a misty dawn.

Staff Photographers



Mr and Mrs Derek Hunt after their wedding at the Hong-kong Supreme Court, and before a banquet at the Capitol Restaurant.

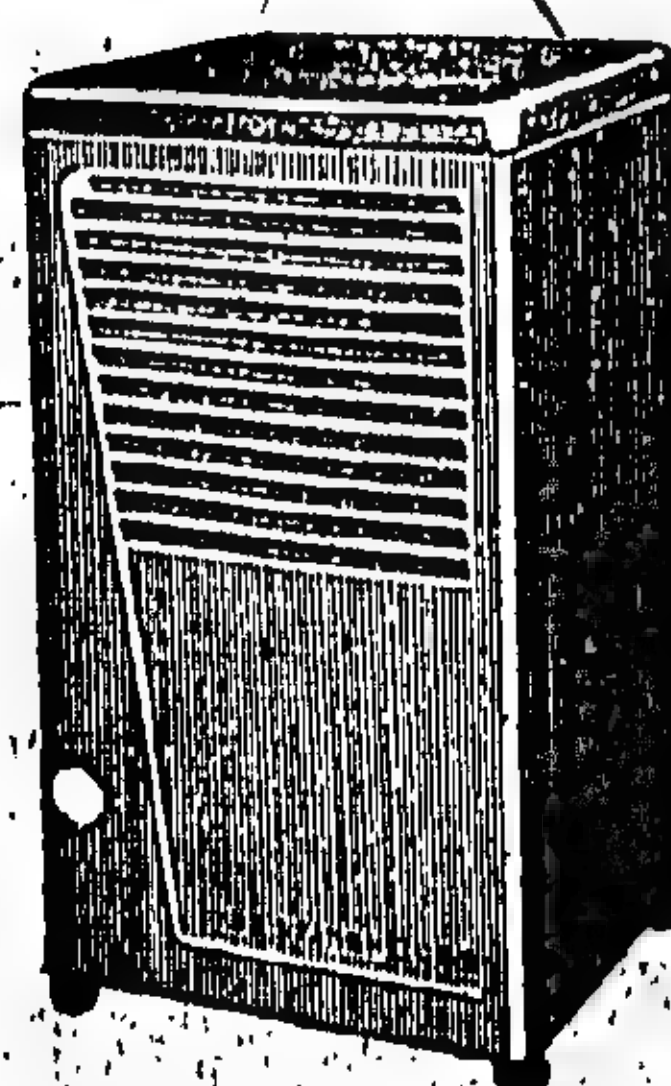
Staff Photographer

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PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

★ ★ ★

Miss Sweeny, your castle awaits...

If the future Duchess of Rutland is a stickler for authenticity she may be disappointed in romantic Belvoir. It looks like a flashback to the Middle Ages—but was really built less than 150 years ago. There are no dungeons... and all the 160 rooms have central heating.

A FEW minutes drive out of Grantham, on the Melton Mowbray road, brings you to the neat ironstone village of Woolsthorpe. From there a rough two-mile road intersected by cattle grids takes you to Belvoir Castle, the family seat to which the Duke of Rutland will presently take Miss Frances Sweeny as his bride. Belvoir is a massive fortress-like house straddled on a wooded ridge overlooking three counties. In the sunlight its load of towers and turrets glitter like a cumbersome crown. From the battlements rows of cannon peer down on lawns patrolled by a herd of bronze deer.

The castle has 160 rooms, built on an imperial scale. The ballroom was modelled on Lincoln Cathedral; the guard-



MRS. ALICE KING
She remembers Belvoir before the changes. "All the village girls wanted to work in the castle in those times."
London Express Service

room could swallow up an entire regiment; 20 people can sit down comfortably in the grand dining room. It is a relief to hear that the smallest drawing-room is only 40ft. long. The floors—gilt Gobelin and sharp Regency pastels—are as dazzling as a young duchess (and Miss Sweeny will become Britain's youngest) could ask for. But if Miss Sweeny is a stickler for authenticity she will be disappointed in her romantic castle. It looks like a flashback to the Middle Ages, but it was built less than 150 years ago by the fifth Duke.

REGENCY FOLLY

Happily there are compensations for living in an up-to-date castle. Stately Miss Webb, housekeeper at Belvoir for 36 years, would not exchange her Regency folly for all the legend-ensured dungeons in Britain. "Life at Belvoir is exceedingly pleasant," she said. "It's a life under the 10th Duke is simple. When Miss Sweeny week-ends at Belvoir, she will live in one 20-roomed wing. The 'show-part' of the castle is reserved for summer trippers at half a crown a head. Last year 65,000 visitors paid to look at his Grace's family heirlooms.

loading the way down a stone-passage past rooms marked Laundry, Still-room, Store-room, Butler's Pantry. These rooms are

"Not enough staff for that sort of thing now," said Miss Webb, quick to stamp on delusions of ducal magnificence. The Duke's personal staff has dwindled to six, including housekeeper and butler. The laundry is sent out to Grantham and all provisions except milk, eggs and vegetables from the Home Farm, are delivered by van.

Life under the 10th Duke is simple. When Miss Sweeny week-ends at Belvoir, she will live in one 20-roomed wing. The "show-part" of the castle is reserved for summer trippers at half a crown a head. Last year 65,000 visitors paid to look at his Grace's family heirlooms.

The Duke's private wife, facing south over terraced lawns, will not be redecorated before the new chateau arrives. "Not while there are tenants' cottages which need doing over," The Duke is a very conscientious landlord, said Miss Webb crisply. Belvoir does boast one luxury—the 160 rooms are all centrally heated. "Expensive, naturally. But we have to protect the Gobelins," said Miss Webb.

SHE REMEMBERS

Two miles away in Woolsthorpe, 60-year-old Mrs. Alice King works busily at a rag rug as she reminisces about her 20 years in service at the castle. She remembers "it in the days before trippers and charabancs. All the village girls wanted to work in the castle in those times," she says. "They liked to see a bit of the grand life. But it's different now. All the young folk are moving to the towns."

She remembers the present Duke as a handsome, serious little boy, passionately fond of shooting in the 16,000-acre estate. "It's right that the Duke is marrying again. They need some children, running about that big place," says Mrs. King, a proud grandmother four times over.

Halfway up the castle drive are the handsome King Charles II coach-houses, now converted into flats for some of his Grace's

privileged tenants. Red-cheeked Mrs. Mabel Stubbly and her husband, one of the gardeners on the estate, have lived here for 20 years.

Mrs. Stubbly, a sturdy figure in gumboots and apron, is not given to sentimentalizing about the grand old days. She likes the air and bustle of the summer months, when swarms of

visitors bring a whiff of town-life to the peaceful castle grounds.

Like all the Belvoir tenants, she has been following the Duke's romance with interest. But she does not expect to see much of the future Duchess. "This is a quiet place for a young girl," she says.

JOCASTA INNES



MRS. MABEL STUBBLY
"This is a quiet place for a young girl."

BUT HOW MANY WOMEN COULD KEEP SUCH A PROMISE...?

THE Duchess of Windsor's heart, as we all know, has its reasons and as the Woman for whom a King, etc., etc., her pronouncements on LOVE have no doubt received the serious consideration they deserve.

As one who has been falling in and out of love from the age of 10 onwards, I read every word of her last week's interview and I'll take her up on one point only. "Married couples should, as early as possible, promise each other never to discuss a problem about which nothing further can be done. Accept the

fact that it happened, then drop it for good." Admitting deep disloyalty, to my sex over this I'd say that not one woman in a hundred thousand can do as the Duchess suggests.

It simply isn't in their make-up. Sure they'll promise... sure they'll try to keep their promise, but women have minds like elephants—they cannot forget and, wounded, they turn. The Abdication over, the inquest held, the Duchess declares that she and her husband made a vow never to discuss it again—"We never have."

Goodness knows how many women have faced crises in

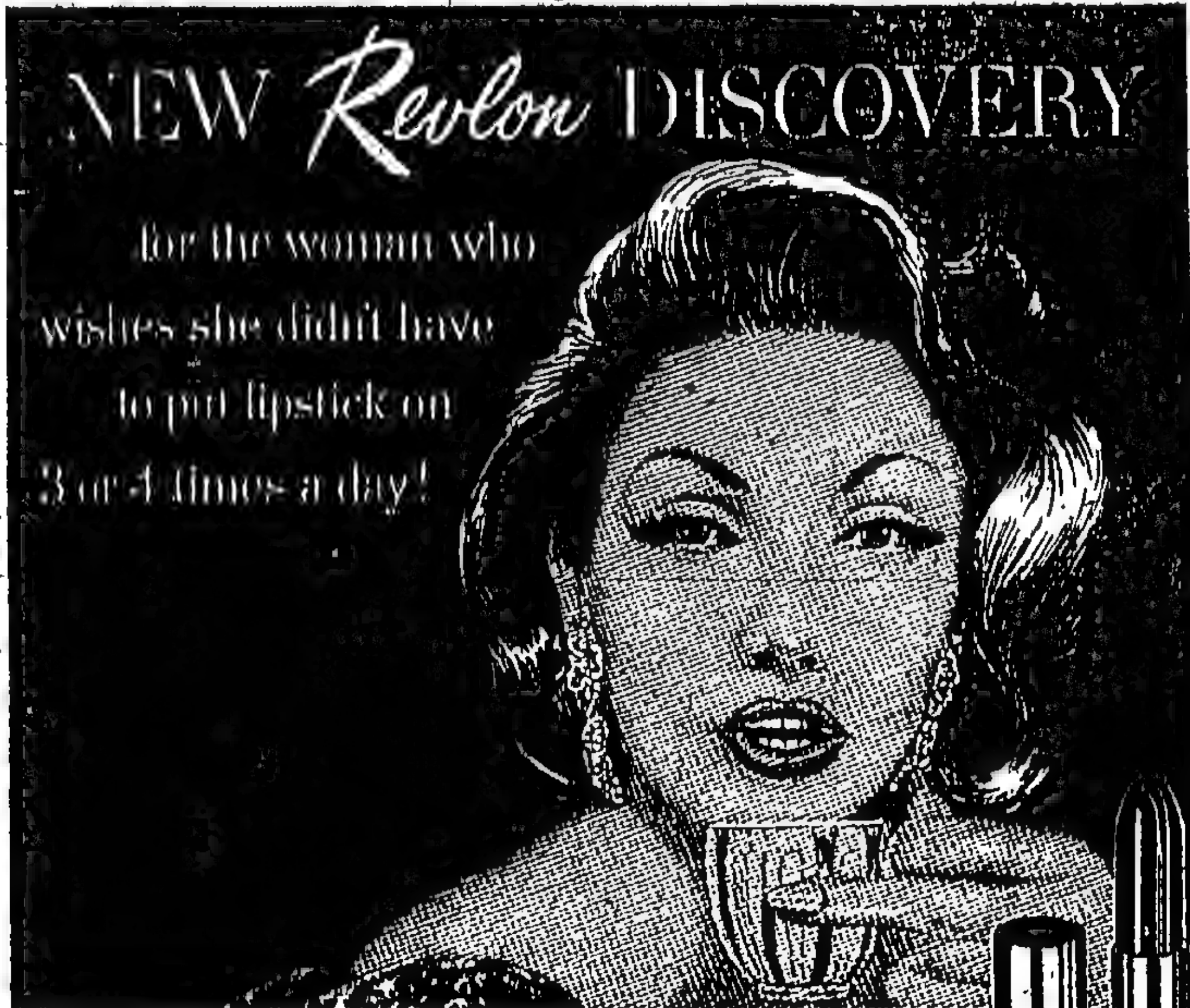
their lives—very much less romantic but, no doubt, every bit as agonising. I wonder how many swore that, once everything was forgiven, it was forgotten, never to be mentioned again.

And I wonder how many can say in absolute honesty—"and I never have."

A MAN SAID

MY favourite quote of the week—Lord Kilbracken on Princess Grace waiting for the birth of her baby—"radiant, smiling, at peace within herself." Peace within indeed—only a man could have written it.

—VERONICA PAPWORTH



Today...you can put radiant color on to stay... all through the day—without drying your lips!

Now you don't have to put lipstick on... and... all through the day! Revlon's Lanolite Lipstick is the wonderfully new and different non-drying type lipstick—longer lasting and creamy too. It puts luscious color on to stay... without drying your lips. It's the only non-drying type lipstick enriched with Lanolite. Revlon's exclusive moisture-protecting ingredient to give your lips the fresh, moist look! Choose from 20 fabulous Revlon colors today.

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W122A

WEEK-ENDS WITH THE FAMOUS



EILEEN JOYCE, leashed over a pigsty gate—listening to the grunts and squeals of a hefty sow and her 12 three-day-old piglets. With her husband, film and TV executive Christopher Mann, she was showing me round the farm attached to the converted Chartwell Estate farmhouse at Westerham, Kent. They bought it from Sir Winston Churchill last August and moved there in October.

Today the Manns start another precious away from it—Saturday and Sunday.

A LOC FIRE

A carpeted hall and three shallow stairs lead to a spacious, beautifully furnished drawing-room with a log fire burning in the wide hearth—and "Cooking," waiting to have her menus for the week-end approved.

"Cooking" is the Irish-born, French-bred cook-housekeeper who ensures that their relaxing is done in style. "At our Chelsea home," explained Eileen, "we're not to pig IV out of the frig when we're not eating out. Both of us work too pressure—up to seven hours practice a day for me, apart from concerts, a non-stop day for Christopher at his Mayfair office."

"And we haven't had a holiday since we married 13 years ago. We NEED a country week-end to get away from everything and everybody—and relax graciously."

I asked for the recipe of relaxing. In Eileen Joyce's words, "It's a bit of everything. I said, nodding out of the wide, luscious windows. 'I've been at the ready in the loggia, facing the sloping sunlit woods of that most distinguished of amateur painters, Sir Winston Churchill.'"

Eileen led the way to a small, sunny studio where a signed portrait of Sir Henry Wood smiled encouragement from a Steinway grand.

Beside it stood a metronome. Before a big concert week, I learned, she does have to submit to the relentless dictates of that wagging finger. But mostly she relaxes even here—with her husband ("a beautiful player"), rather beside her in the lamp-lit playing music for four hands.

UNABASHED

"And of course," said Mr. Mann, firmly, "there's also John's room." Beside a gramophone in the upstairs room of John Berlioz, her 18-year-old son by her first marriage, was a stack of records.

"Jazz and rock 'n' roll," admitted Eileen, unabashed. "Yes, I do like really to let my hair down now and again."

LISA MOYNIHAN

(London Express Service)

THE MEAL THAT HE COULDN'T RESIST

THE lunch that the Great Old Man risked his life to get is worth a closer inspection. When Sir Winston Churchill felt a little better after his first bout of pneumonia, he set his heart on going to a favourite restaurant and eating a favourite meal. And caught another chill.

A closer look at the restaurant and the meal reveals why the risk was probably worth it.

For the restaurant is one of the most famous in the world, built on a cliff overlooking the lovely bay of Villefranche, with a gold-painted lift to take you up on to the terrace with its suntrap restaurant.

And the food it serves is world-famous too...

Famous for its hot hors-d'oeuvre—Provençal onion flans filled with onions, olives, pimientos, anchovies, cheese, ham; little pastry cases filled with meat; artichoke hearts; stuffed aubergines.

For its shellfish cooked in pastry. For its baby lamb cooked in the Provençal style. For its fine, fleshy pastries and ice creams.

The menu Sir Winston staked his life on was hors-d'oeuvre, asparagus with vinaigrette, sauce, roast lamb, and ice cream.

Copy them

WITHOUT pretending that you can make all these as superbly as the chef at the Chateau de Mairie, you can make a delicious copy of more than one of them.

Hot hors-d'oeuvre, for example, make first-class buffet dishes for a party. And both these recipes can also be eaten cold.

Filling for Provençal open flan. This can be eaten without pastry case, if you prefer a

lighter dish. 1 onion, 2 aubergines, 3 tomatoes, 3 red or green pimientos, 2 cloves of garlic, parsley, olive oil, 4oz. grated cheese.

Chop the onions and stew them in four tablespoons of olive oil. Cut up the aubergines into squares, sprinkle with salt and leave for half an hour.

When the onions have cooked for 10 minutes add the aubergines and pimientos cut into small pieces.

Cover the pan and simmer for 40 minutes. Add the chopped tomatoes, garlic, salt, and black pepper. Cook until the tomatoes have melted, and if the mixture has become too mushy, let it reduce a little.

Put into a previously baked pastry case, sprinkle with the grated cheese, and brown under the grill. Strew with parsley and serve.

Aubergines stuffed with mutton.

4 aubergines, 1/2lb. minced mutton, olive oil, salt, garlic, herbs.

Cut off the aubergine stalks. Make long slots all over the aubergines lengthwise, but do not cut right through. Rub with salt and leave for an hour. Season the mutton with salt, pepper and thyme, and push it into the slots in the aubergines.

Simmer it

WARM a little olive oil in a pan, lay the aubergines in it, heat through, then add hot water to come half-way up. Cover and simmer slowly for 1 1/2 hours until they are quite soft and most of the liquid has disappeared.

Lamb cooked with herbs.

Sir Winston's lamb was revolved slowly on a spit in front of an open fire, basted with its own juices, and special mountain herbs.

You probably can't quite manage that, but you can try cooking lamb in the usual way, having beforehand scored it all over deeply and into the scores put crushed garlic, parsley, rosemary and marjoram, all mixed together.

Leave it for an hour before roasting, and when it is cooked serve it cut in thick slices.

THE OUTLOOK'S PALE AND INTERESTING

By HAZEL MEYRICK

THERE'S a change of face on the way for any woman who takes make-up seriously. The fashion in faces is swinging towards the "Pale and Interesting Look," as one cosmetic house calls it.

The 1958 face, which was first seen on the models at the Paris shows, is pale, with heavily accented eyes and a luscious dark red mouth—in fact, the look of the tragic heroine of silent films.

But how do you achieve this look with a sun-tanned skin and healthy red cheeks? The secret is in the make-up you use. A creamy alabaster coloured foundation, topped by a paler pink-toned powder with a translucent quality about it.

The eyes are emphasised by what one beauty consultant called "masses of dark mascara" with eye-shadow carried up beyond the eye-lids. A clear dark lipstick, such as "Red Cavalier"—a new colour—completes the picture—the picture of a fragile lady with dark, soulful eyes.

Now on the market is a new cream powder in pale shades to give you a smooth make-up that should last through a busy day. This powder contains more cream in its base than most, yet is lighter than usual and won't clog the pores or give you that unnatural mask-like appearance.

★ ★ ★

"A radio handbag is a must," one Knightsbridge store tells its customers this week.

The handbags have pocket-sized radio sets built into the side and controlled by a flap. The bag itself is large enough to contain a thermos flask and

some sandwiches, and comes in a variety of colours, including vivid red.

★ ★ ★

I hear there's a new version of the traditional Chinese Cheongnam in Singapore—the Cheongnam-sack. This dress hangs straight, instead of being shaped to fit like a second skin, but it retains the traditional high-high slit.

I've on idea that the slit skirt may soon be copied in London, for many women who have tried to wear a sack-dress with a short tight skirt have found, to their dismay, that it wrinkles up over the knees when they walk.

★ ★ ★

"My Fair Lady," the record-breaking musical from New York, comes to London this month, and I hear that the jewellery that will be worn by the cast is being made by a British manufacturer, and will be on sale in stores all over the world later in the year.

The show's costume designer, Cecil Beaton, is vetting all the jewellery, and the result promises to be unusual and interesting.

Though the pearl and diamond dog-collars worn by the leading ladies in the cast won't be mass-produced, many of the Edwardian-style necklaces and brooches should be best-sellers.

★ ★ ★

They've found a new use for silicone in the help stop the home-made cakes from sticking to the baking tin. There's a silicone-treated paper on sale that nothing will stick to—not even adhesive tape. It can be used for lining cake tins so that even the stickiest chocolate cake comes out clean after cooking.

LONDON LETTER

A Woman's World

By Sir Beverley Baxter, MP

NATIONS, like human beings, have sex. Thus England, Germany, Russia and Canada are masculine, whereas France, America and Italy are feminine. All of which is a philosophical preamble to the first appearance of a new British weekly publication called WOMAN'S REALM.

The people behind this new venture are the firm of Odham's, a big capitalist concern which publishes books, magazines and also "The Daily Herald", which is the official newspaper of the Labour Party. Thus the company approaches its task of universal enlightenment with broadmindedness and a nice sense of opportunism. There was no false modesty about the launching of WOMAN'S REALM. Odham's really went to town on hoardings, newspapers and commercial television. Having laid down the barrage the publishers coolly guaranteed that the sale of WOMAN'S REALM would exceed a million copies.

Most of my adult life has been spent in the publication of newspapers and magazines and it is not difficult for me to understand the doubts and problems that rose up to Odham's like Banquo's ghost to Macbeth. Already in the female magazine market there is the weekly WOMAN'S OWN with a weekly circulation of over 2½ million, which it claims means a readership of over 6½ million. Therefore in our study of this phenomenon we find that one weekly magazine "WOMAN'S OWN" reaches something like 20% of the entire female population of the country (including infants in arms and great-grandmothers).

Saturation

But do not imagine that rival publishers fear that the market has reached saturation point. Being a woman, is not merely a fact of life, it is also an occupation and a profession. A cynic might say that it is also an obsession but we shall let that pass.

Even at the risk of wearying you let me just enumerate a few more publications and then we shall get down to our argument. Here they are:

WOMAN AND BEAUTY, WOMAN AND HOME, WOMAN ENGINEER, WOMAN'S COMPANION, WOMAN'S ILLUSTRATED, WOMAN'S JOURNAL, WOMAN'S OWN, SUNDAY MIRROR, and a lot of smaller publications including, believe it or not, WOMEN'S CRICKET. In every case the magic word is WOMAN.

Faced with such a situation why did Odham's decide that there was room for yet another? And how in the world could they guarantee a readership of a million circulation from the first copy? Obviously the decision was based on cold deduction. The "Woman's market" in Great Britain is inexhaustible!

Now for a moment let us look at the situation of what might be described as "general interest" magazines. A few years ago Hulton launched the weekly "PICTURE POST" which was intended to be the British equivalent of the American magazine LIFE. In its early days the circulation of "PICTURE POST" was big—but Edward Hulton lost heavily because he had contracted with the advertisers on a much smaller estimate of readership and he could not raise the rates.

For quite a period PICTURE POST more than held its own but during the war and for a long period afterwards magazines and newspapers could not increase their size because of the shortage of newsprint.

Paradoxically those were easy days for both magazines and newspapers. The number of pages were rationed, and the publisher could charge the advertiser a maximum space rate. And because of the rationing there was small opportunity for sale promotion and there was little incentive for publishers to improve their product. It is the old story that without opposition there is bound to be an end to initiative.

At last, however, there came the day when rationing of newsprint was brought to an end and the spur of competition was once more applied. That would have been glorious except for one thing. The monster Television had come of age and the battle for "The Eyes" began. In deadly earnest. Gone were the days when the wife and husband read magazines and books while sound radio gave them the accompaniment of pleasant music.

Television

At first there was only the BBC television service, which charges an annual licence fee and because of its sole position could dictate to the viewing and listening public just what kind of programme the BBC thought they ought to have. But there came a day in Parliament when a Tory pressure group forced a debate on the subject. Their plan was to have two services—the BBC

(which would be supported by the licence fees) and the independent commercial service which would draw its revenue from advertisements.

The casualties soon began to mount up in this Battle of the Eyes. That intelligent and popular weekly publication "Everybody's" began to feel the draught. It paid a big price for Churchill's war memoirs which arrested the decline but not much more, and when the Churchill instalments ended the decline was resumed.

Sherlock

In the meantime the famous Strand Magazine, which in far off days published Conan Doyle's adventures of Sherlock Holmes, folded its tents and silently stole away. PUNCH, sagged so sadly that Malcolm Muggeridge was engaged as editor to bring the dear old weekly in line with modern taste. Muggeridge did away with the pleasant genteel humour and brought in his staid and harsh "frank" treatment that reached its climax with cartoons of Churchill and Eden which were savagely cruel without any suggestion of humour. For a time the curiosity of the public in this new tone arrested the fall in circulation but then the rot set in again and out went Muggeridge.

Today PUNCH under new editorship, has aimed dangerous, in size, nor has it yet recovered its soul. Yet there are signs that the new editor knows what he is doing. For the sake of all of us in the British family of nations it is to be hoped that Mr Punch will be pointing out our gentle national absurdities for a long time.

But all the serious weekly periodicals were feeling the draught. That forceful and intelligent weekly "Truth" clung to life as long as it could and then gently passed away. Now it is rumoured that TIME AND TIDE (owned by Lady Rhonda) will follow TRUTH on its journey down the River Styx. Worse than that Chamber's Journal of Edinburgh gave up the ghost. To me that was a sad day for it was in the journal that my novel "The Paris Men Play" was serialised in the early 1920's.

Here then is the paradox of the situation and I am afraid that it does not reflect favourably upon the female portion of the British community. While the weekly comment magazines are either dead or dying the upsurge of women's magazines grows stronger and more overwhelming all the time. Therefore, let us take a look at this new WOMAN'S REALM which was sold out from its first issue.

Domesticity

Quite openly its target is the housewife and her day to day problems. There are labour saving suggestions, advice on everything from diet and all sorts of good ideas on the perplexities of domesticity. The whole thing is very useful and no doubt very useful. In fact it is aimed at the lower middle classes and not at the smart set at all. I have no doubt that it will help thousands of women to be better housewives and, therefore, I wish it well even though the arts as yet have found no auspicious place in its pages. And now, believe it or not, I have just put before me a display newspaper announcement as follows:

ONLY TWO MORE WEEKS!

"Woman's Day"

Guaranteed weekly net sale during the launching period 1,000,000

And this from Newsweek Publications which proudly published THE STRAND MAGAZINE for so long!

So I come back to the opening paragraph of this London Letter. If Britain, like Canada and Germany, is a masculine country why is it apparently impossible to maintain a general interest magazine such as the SATURDAY EVENING POST and MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE? Are American and Canadian women more interested in world affairs than in the immediate obsession of domestic affairs? That would seem to be the case even though there might be lingering doubts in the minds of men.

It has been said that in Britain a married couple, expecting their first baby, decide in advance to call it Herbert Vohn after the wife's uncle (who has a bit of land) and they are keenly disappointed when the baby turns out to be a girl. Yet when it comes to magazine circulation there is almost no place for the activities and interests of the male. There is, however, one magazine called MEN ONLY.

Is this the greatest leader of them all?

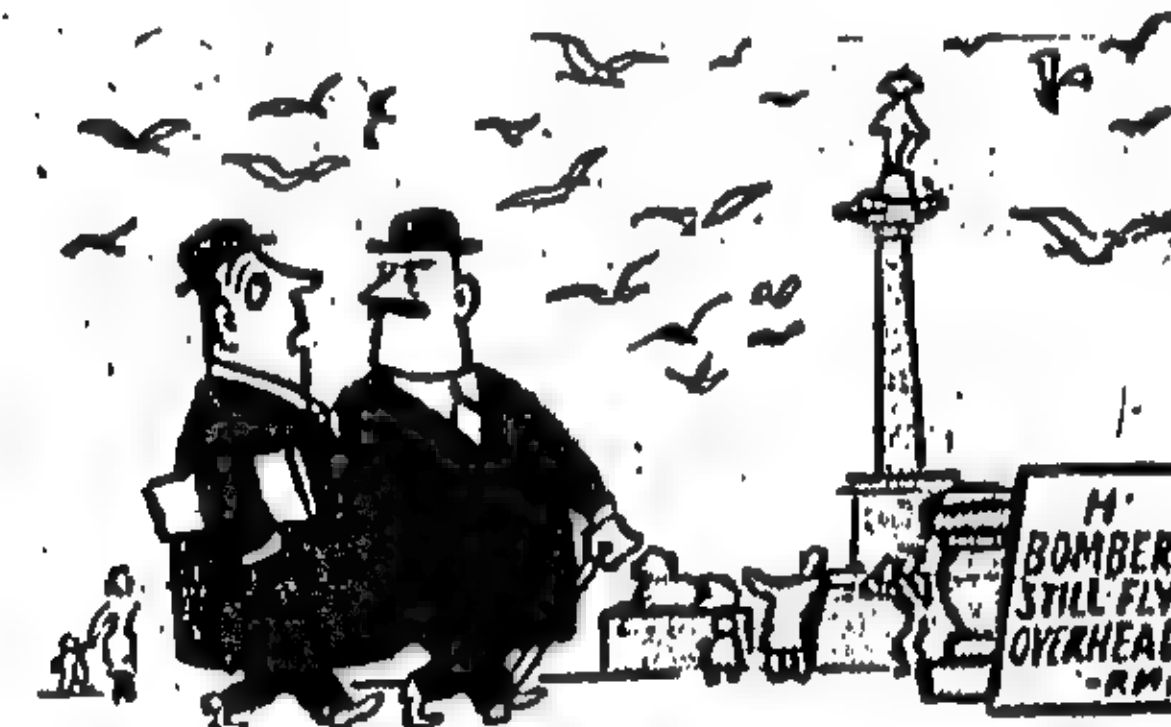
WEEKEND Friell



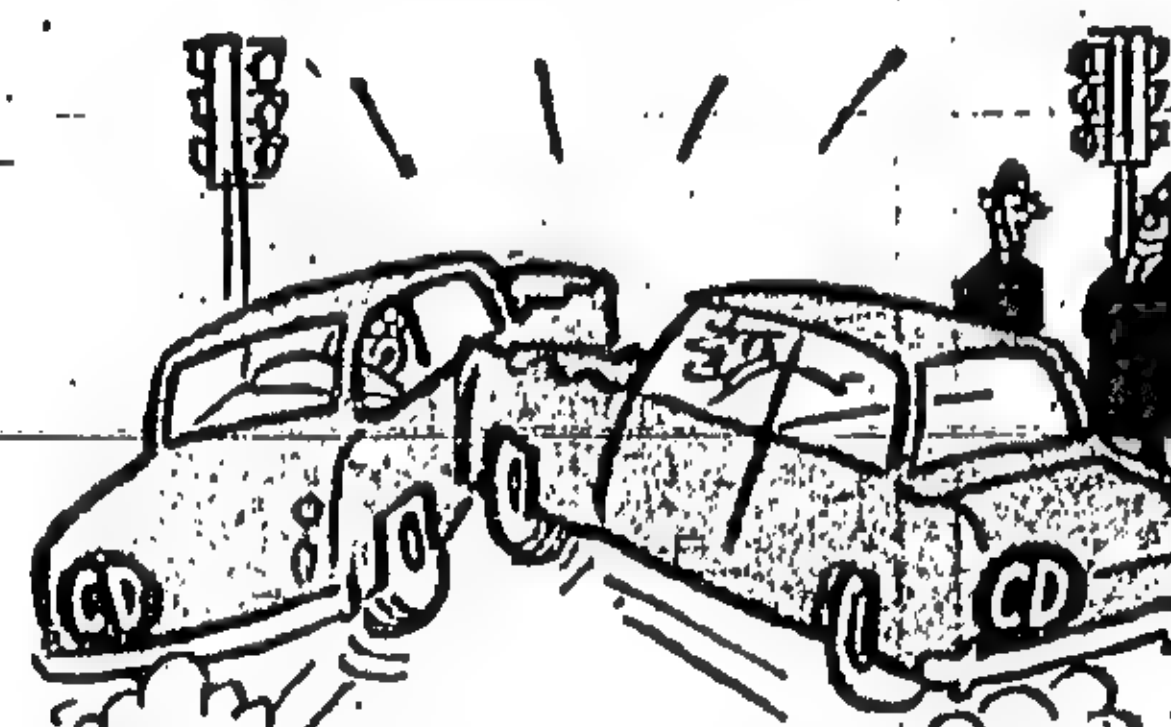
"All right, Mr. Moony! Money is still scarce, there must be no relaxation... so I'm not relaxing, O.K."



"You see it stands for 'Nuclear Arms To Order.' Herr Doktor?"



"You can talk about the law of averages and the remoteness of the contingency, but accidents do happen. I know."



"I don't think they'll really enjoy their diplomatic immunity this time, constable!"



"Ah, but what's the position if the world doesn't last 10 years?"



"It's hard to realize we are absolutely the end, don't you think?"

I DON'T think John Diefenbaker, despite his forecast of sweeping victory, expected such a mammoth majority in the Canadian General Elections.

I had been asked to accompany the Prime Minister's party to Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, and one of Diefenbaker's aides, Fred Davis (he married the Dionne quintuplets' nurse), warned me not to predict too big a triumph.

He had seen quoted a dispatch of mine: "Diefenbaker Will Win and Win Big." As it turned out Diefenbaker did not only win big, he won colossal—the most shattering election victory in Canadian history.

He emerges as perhaps the most inspiring and dynamic leader in the British Commonwealth, or the Western world for that matter.

In the Canadian capital people told me at the Rideau Club, in the lounge of the Chateau Laurier, at the drug-store counters, and in the Lord Elgin Bar: "John is way out in front now."

Perhaps he is. Certainly he is fitter and more vigorous than Eisenhower, more dynamic than Macmillan, more magnetic and a good deal younger (62) than Menzies.

Has Canada produced a great British Commonwealth leader, not merely a highly successful Dominion Prime Minister? Most Canadians today think that Canada has. Certainly there is no one in power in the Commonwealth who believes in the British family of nations more fervently than Diefenbaker does.

I heard him make speech after speech, and sometimes the tears would come into his eyes when he talked of the heritage of the British Commonwealth and of a new and bigger part in it for Canada.

First aim

WHAT does he say today as he presides over his vast victory? "Internationally we must retain the closest relationship with the Commonwealth—let's never forget that."

Diefenbaker still broods at the "Liberal's" derision of the British "suspicion" in the Suez fiasco. "We resent the British being derisively condemned." But that is the past—Diefenbaker is thinking and planning for the future.

He will call Parliament soon, and be back in Ottawa.

Diefenbaker believes he has a date with destiny, and, judging by the election results, many millions of Canadians think the same.

He is determined on closer economic ties with the Commonwealth, particularly Britain, and will call, perhaps in October, a summer conference in Montreal on trade and finance.

Closer ties

It was not campaign oratory last June and it was not campaign oratory last week, when Diefenbaker called for 15 per cent more trade with Britain. I quote the Prime Minister: "The Conservative Government intends to restore to a maximum extent the British market which has been all but lost by previous Liberal Governments."

Diefenbaker wants closer blood ties with Britain and closer money ties. He wants to link the hard Canadian dollar with a harder pound sterling.

He has said little in the past few days, even off the record, about a Summit conference between Russia, the United States, and Britain and Canada on Canadian soil, but it makes the strongest possible appeal to him.

But first he will tackle unemployment as he often pledged when asking for a vote of confidence from the voters.

Diefenbaker said he will solve it with public works, opening up the Canadian Northern Territories, new roads, reorganization of the railways, possibly a few out and out greater interchanges of traffic with Britain and the Commonwealth.

Why did Diefenbaker win so overwhelmingly? Personality

Ottawa. and passion are part of the answer as I have noted before, but the big reason is the man's crusading fervour and his dedication of United States trade policies and rejection of the growing dominance of American industrial giants here.

"Are General Motors trying to take us over, John?" a heckler asked at one meeting. Diefenbaker replied: "Not while I am here."

More than anything, Diefenbaker's insistence on Canada's absolute sovereignty, his bitter resentment of Detroit trying to dictate trade policy to Canadian motor-car subsidiaries, helped to give him his huge majority.

The measure of his triumph is seen in Quebec Province, the citadel of French Canadians, the solid Liberal stronghold.

To me, a frequent visitor to Quebec over the past 20 years, it means that Diefenbaker is breaking down the barriers between French-Canadians and Canadians from Britain or other stock. He is preaching: "We are all Canadians and never mind the origin or religion."

Not to be too emotional we must not forget that Diefenbaker has the tacit support of the wily old fox of Quebec politics, Premier Maurice Duplessis, and the open support of scores of Duplessis' lieutenants.

Too long

DURING the long—too long—campaign, which lasted seven weeks, I noticed, listening to some speeches and reading more, that while the candidates said harsh things about each other and even harsher things about the United States of America there was little or

no criticism of Britain and the British Commonwealth. This new Canada which Diefenbaker is building and leading with the skill and assurance of a Roosevelt, takes its place firmly alongside the other Commonwealth nations.

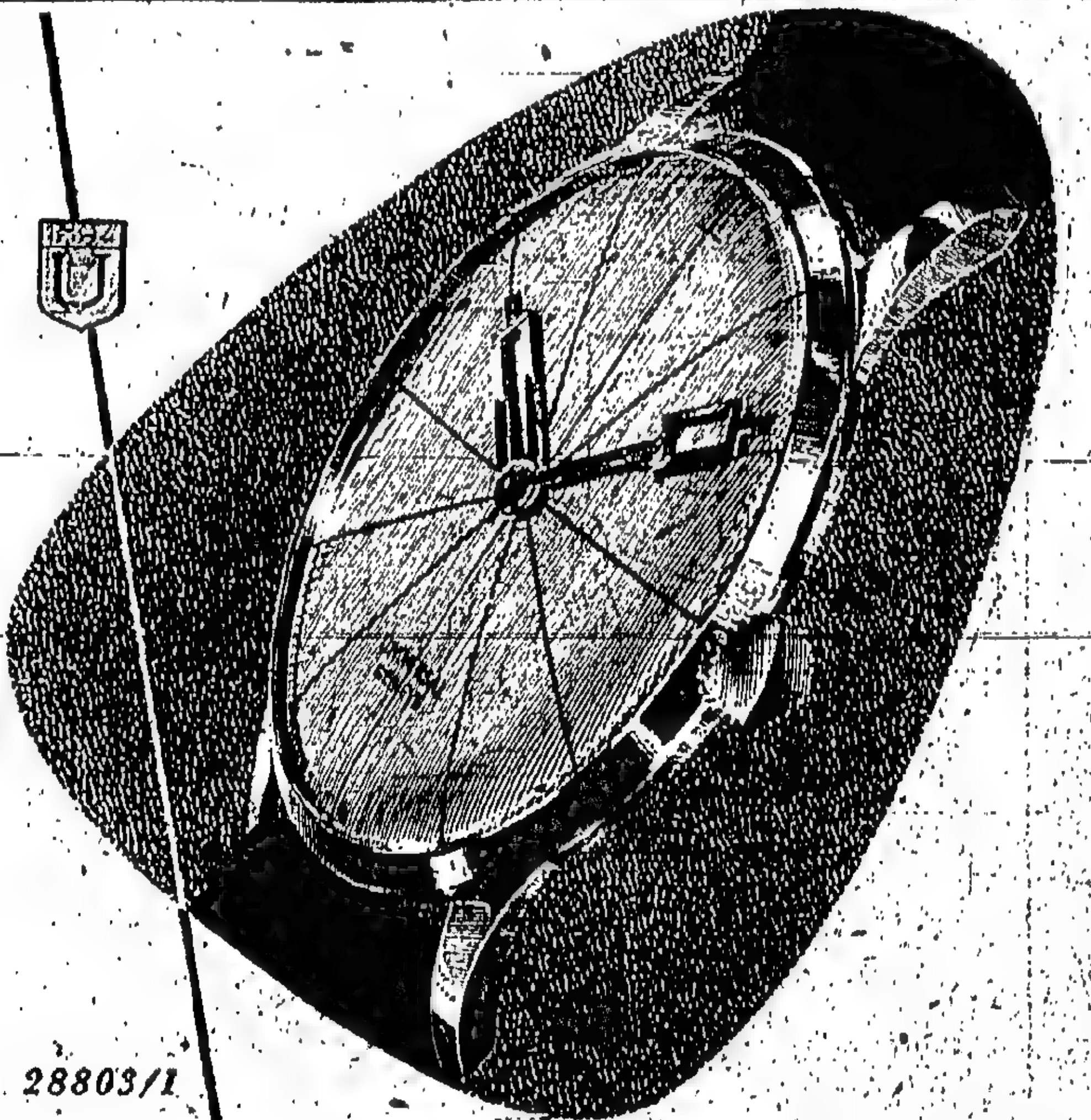
Who knows... with men such as Diefenbaker it might, one day lead it?

DON IDDON'S DIARY

DIEFENBAKER, Defies the American giant...

HOW THE PARTIES POLLED

Conservative	209
Liberal	47
C.C.F.	8
Social Credit	0



The flat watch is in great demand. Its slim elegance is attained together with the requisite proportions for a precision movement.

You may buy a UNIVERSAL with complete confidence and wear it with pride.

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Timing every
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GOLDEN BALL...KEEP ON ROLLING ALONG!

BY JOHNNY DANKWORTH

JAZZ is booming. It is right bang in the middle of its greatest heyday since the Golden Age—the late 'twenties and the early 'thirties.

Jazz clubs are bursting at the seams. Jazz TV and radio audience figures have reached an all-time high. The great jazz artists are household names. Jazz records are selling faster than they can be pressed.

Artists like Louis Armstrong, Count Basie, Dizzy Gillespie are touring the world playing jazz and enjoying wild receptions.

Paris, Rome, and London are flourishing jazz centres. Jazzmen born in Britain, Germany, Sweden, even Japan, are making their mark on the American jazz scene.

It is another Golden Age for jazz. But this time the Golden Age is stretching all over the globe, not just over the United States.

It is not difficult to understand why. Jazz has vitality and integrity and little hide-bound tradition.

It is one of the few surviving forms of spontaneous music in a world that is crying out for spontaneity. It is colourful, not gaudy. It is uninhibited, without being chaotic. To understand it requires intelligence rather than intellect.

Small wonder that the lover of "serious" music, finding it all too serious at times, is being persuaded to increase his repertoire to include jazz.

And the not-so-glibble pop-fan, watching the declining standards of the "pop" and sensing big business at work rather than music, is turning to jazz for something more enduring.

So my guess is that the Golden Ball is going to keep on rolling for jazz, and not only rolling but snowballing all the time.

BOOK PAGE

THE richest man in America, Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, was in 1868 an ailing satyr of 74 whose two principal interests were sex and seances. Anyone offering either was welcome at his New York mansion.

When his butler ushered in one day a pair of buxom, bright-eyed, handsome ladies who offered both, they were very very welcome.

The blustery commodore's temper flared up, and he at once announced himself a willing patient for a course of "healing contact" treatments. His lady visitors smiled sweetly and set to with a will.

Although only mediocre mediums, Victoria Clafin Woodhull and her deliciously uninhibited sister, Tennessee, were wizards at mixing a potent brew of flesh and fantasy. Commodore Vanderbilt thrived on it.

The story of the two sisters and the millionaire must surely be one of the most fascinating ever told. It proves that no matter how hard art tries to copy life, all it turns out are pale carbons.

In Victoria Woodhull and her sister, American author Irving Wallace has unearthed a couple of real life McCoy's who make fictional scarlet women and Scarlett O'Hara seem as virtuous as vestal virgins and as cold as yesterday's porridge. Their saga is one of the high spots in **THE SQUARE FEET** (Hutchinson, 21s.).

Long before the Vanderbilt venture, the sisters had first hit the road travelling with their raffish family's snake-oil medicine show. Victoria made an early stab at matrimony with a Dr Woodhull, but sheel both him and the snake-oil when she realised that clairvoyance offered better pickings.

Pursuing bits of ectoplasm was easy, but empty of real pleasure, and Victoria always had an eye cocked for more solid masculine materialism.

After delivering a lecture on spiritualism one night, Victoria spotted in the audience the dashing Colonel Blood.

Falling into a convenient trance, she announced to this astonished gentleman: "Your destiny is to be linked with mine in marriage."

A Civil War veteran, he was already linked in marriage, and was the father of two children. But, like Victoria, he was a believer in the occult, free thinking, socialism, and advanced social theory, so he cheerfully abandoned the lot and became Victoria's lover.

Run out of town after town for blackmail, suspected pro-

by
DEE WELLS

stitution, and fraudulent fortune-telling, Victoria, Tennessee, and the colonel were uneasily settled in Pittsburgh when a telegram from the past joined the message.

Dr Woodhull had come crawling back, and the ancient Greek orator, Demosthenes, dropped in often to enlighten the dining-room table rapping sessions. Both were useful. Dr Woodhull looked after Victoria's two children, and Demosthenes directed the household's destiny.

When he pronounced a change of female would do them good, the obliging Greek added that if they moved to New York "thereafter only great and good events would befall."

Mobile as always, they packed up and went. Demosthenes didn't fail them, and following his directions they wound up in the bedroom of Cornelius Vanderbilt.

If Cornelius thrived on their treatment, the girls did not do too badly either. With Tennessee in his arms, and Victoria in his confidence, they used the Vanderbilt money and the Vanderbilt stock market know-how to set themselves up a profitable little sideline.

COOL PROFIT

THE brokerage firm of Woodhull, Clafin and Company was established with Victoria and Tennessee as sole operators. When word got around that these pretty lady brokers were backed by the great Vanderbilt, business boomed. When word got around that stocks and shares weren't all they spelt, business boomed faster.

After a single year "on the street"—Wall Street, that is—the sisters had cleared a million dollars cool profit, and had a tidy annual income, of 50,000 dollars.

THE ROAD-SHOW GIRL RAN FOR PRESIDENT



...the blustery commodore at once announced himself a willing patient

Solidly settled in New York, with Commodore Vanderbilt under firm control and the commodity business in full swing, Victoria looked around for even bigger fish to fry.

Already something of a wheel in the equal-rights movement, she widened her orbit and decided to run for President!

Colonel Blood, seeing in this bold move an opportunity to further his own advanced ideas on freedom, female emancipation, and labour reform industriously turned out speeches and articles for her. These were duly published in yet another sideline, Woodhull and Clafin's Weekly, a 16-page paper run by Victoria.

Victoria's campaign gained momentum, and she was enthusiastically nominated by the Equal Rights Party. Publicly poured from her weekly journal, and public-figure men were blackmailed into sponsoring her at political meetings.

With a hodgepodge platform of enlightened radical ideas, and hysterical lunacy of the weirdest sort, Victoria harangued away and attracted crackpots from all directions.

With equal fervour, she endorsed world government, occult healing, votes for women,

free love, fair labour laws, and short skirts. Sister Tennessee never once to be left behind, was running for Congress on the same ticket.

But when election day, 1872, rolled around, scandal had broken like a thunderclap and Victoria found herself sadly isolated in time and space. Her rip-roaring ideas had proved to be far too advanced for nineteenth-century America. She was in gaol. She got few votes.

For he was, alas, built in the same mould as Cornelius Vanderbilt.

Having rolled up a score of 50,000 seductions from among his own parishioners, the much-respected Rev. Beecher was also maintaining a long-term liaison with a Mrs Tilton. Victoria first broke the good news to Mr Tilton (who knew it already) and then broke the story to the world. She made it quite clear that it wasn't the affair that shocked her, but only the sanctimonious hypocrisy of the principal players.

One thing leading to another, Mr Tilton then sued the Rev. Beecher for alienation of affection, and Beecher, lying through his teeth, called upon God as his witness and was acquitted. Victoria, who had at one time counted both the Rev. Beecher and Mr Tilton among her lovers, was led off to gaol.

Once out of gaol, things were even bleaker. Friends—including Vanderbilt—deserted her. She was ill and her reputation never fully regained, now wrecked. She was fast running out of money and, at 34, close to being all washed up.

If life followed the conventional morality of movies and novels, Victoria would have been finished. But life doesn't, and she wasn't.

DISCARDED

SHE lectured on free love still, and she practised free love still. Colonel Blood had been discarded. But he had not lost his interest in men. She seduced even her innocent office boy of 19.

Then she tried to foist him off on Tennessee.

The office boy demurred: "I don't care for her," he said.

"Oh, don't say that," replied Victoria, "nobody can love me who doesn't love Tennie." At that the office boy fled.

Virtue, as they say, is its own reward. It is pretty nearly its only reward too, as Victoria found out after a short-lasting conversion to religion. Other judicious rewards and sugar-plum goodies are the lot of the girl who shrugs a shoulder and shakes the right tree.

Shaking down Commodore Vanderbilt's heirs for 100,000 dollars, Victoria sailed off to conquer Britain. It didn't take her long.

Martins Bank in London looked to be a healthy going concern. It was. John Blidolph Martins was 36, a full partner in the family bank, and he looked eligible. He was. He fell for Victoria like a ton of gold bricks.

BAD MOMENTS

HIS family, alas, took a different view of the American lady, had her investigated, and threatened with immediate disinheritance if he married his gambler Jazzebel.

It took Victoria six solid years to whitewash her scandalous background and wear down the elder Martins. But she did, and at 45 she married her beaming banker and moved with stately respectability into his town house in Hyde Park Gate.

When large patches of white-wash began to flake off Victoria was in for some uneasy moments. But she pushed on with her usual commendable audacity, and actually successfully sued the British Museum for having committed the unpardonable libel of keeping on their shelves "scandalous pamphlets" about her former life and good times.

Marriage with Martins Bank was warmly happy. When Mr Martins died in 1897, Victoria was truly grief-stricken, but her spirits revived when she inherited his estate and 800,000 dollars. She retired to Worcester, and proceeded to squandering the 800,000 dollars around with heavy abandon until she, too, died in 1927 at the age of 90.

And Tennessee? Still tagging after big sister, she had invaded Britain too and found an acorn-laden English oak to shake. Taking one startled, happy look at the widowed merchant, Sir Francis Cook, and his 2,000,000 dollars, she turned respectable, married him, and never looked back.

CRIME SHELF

By PHILIP OAKES

● **TROUBLE IN WEST TWO.** By Kevin Fitzgerald. Heinemann, 12s. 6d. Brilliantly unpredictable counter-espionage thriller. Bond look to his laurels. Sinister agents working behind a facade of drinking clubs and super brothels routed by a laconic pair of clubland heroes. Highly recommended.

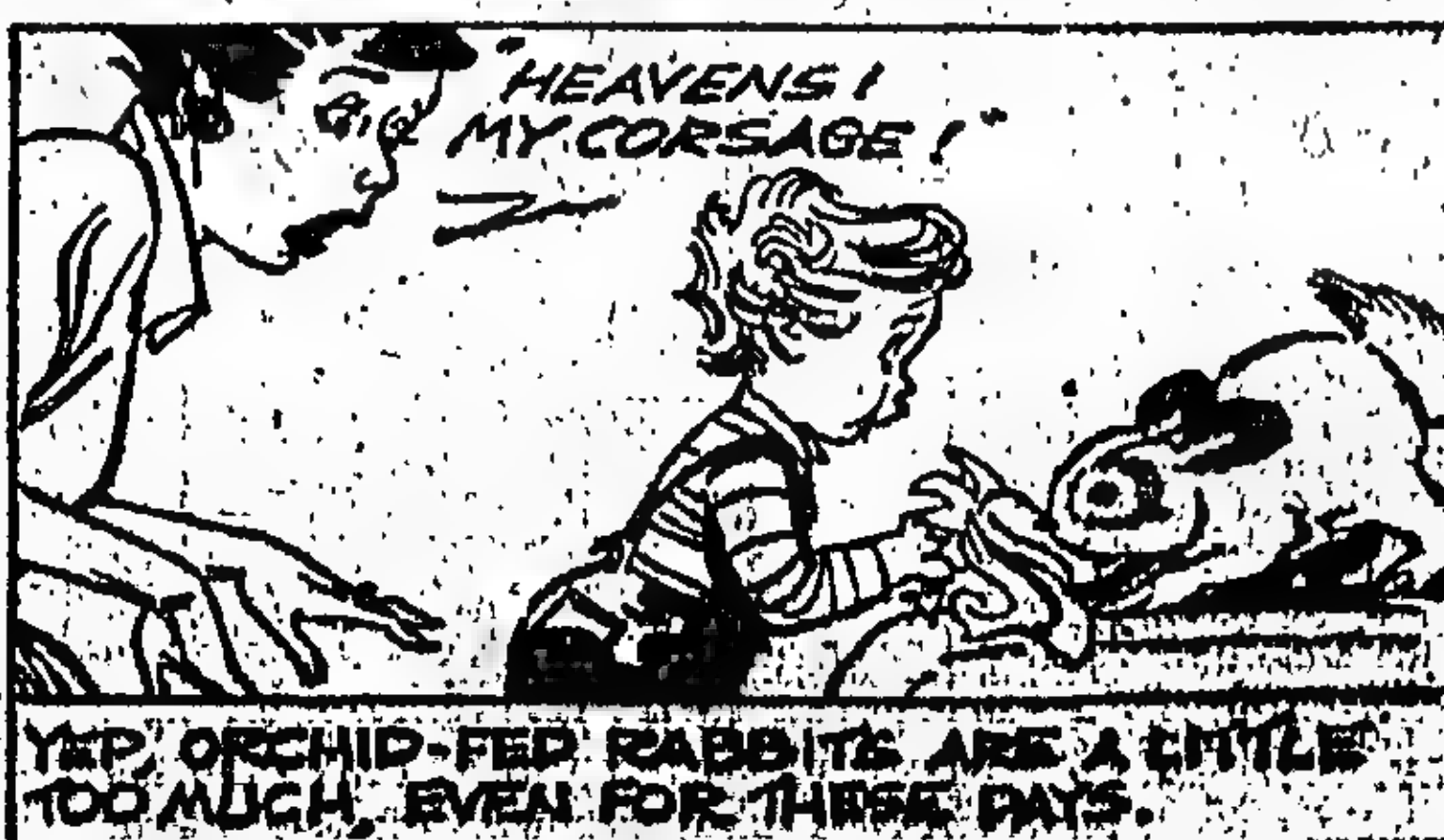
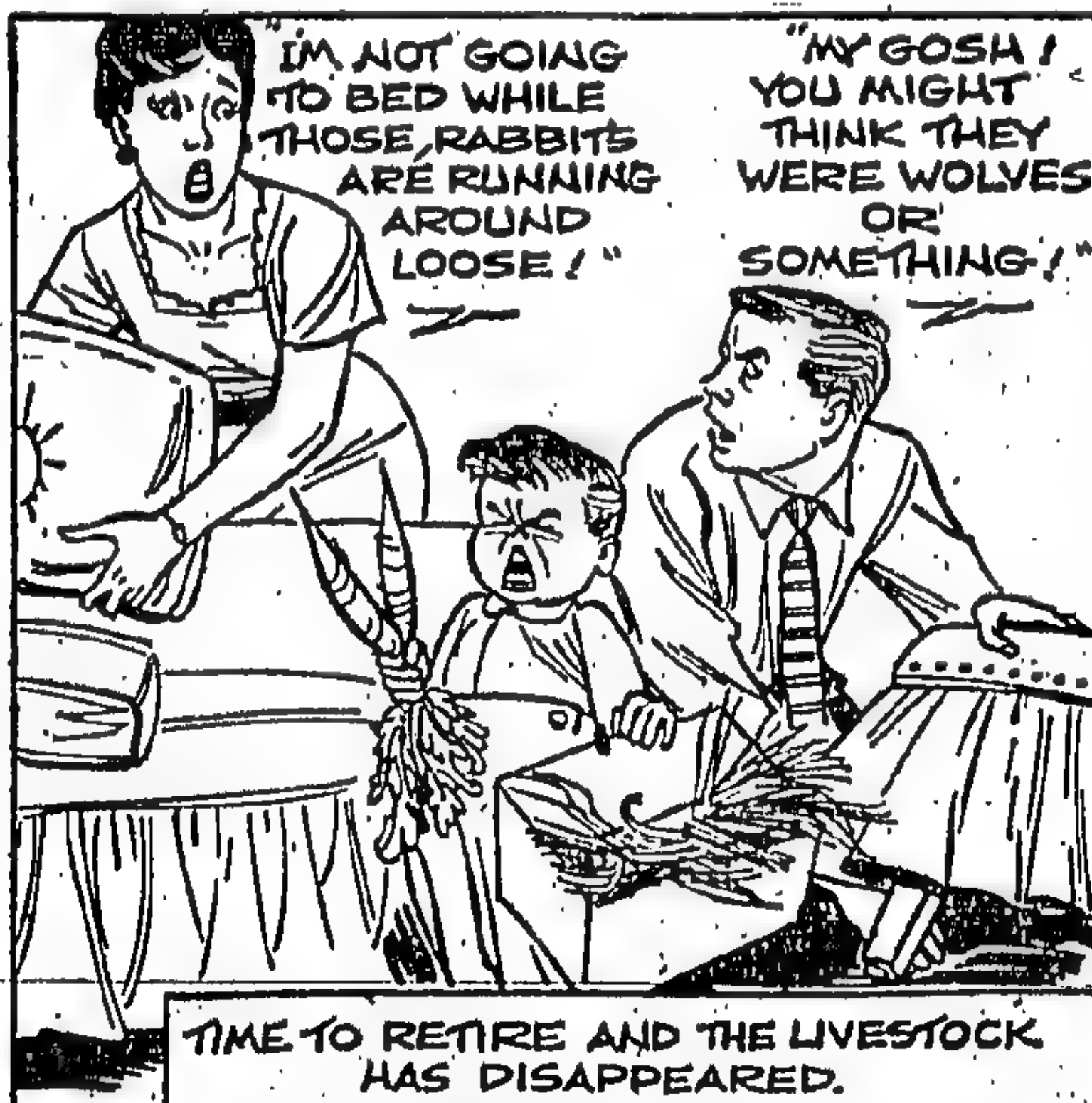
● **BUNNY LAKE IS MISSING.** By Evelyn Piper. Becker and Warburton, 12s. 6d. Nail-biting suspense story about a frightened young mother who convinces everyone that her three-year-old daughter, missing from school, ever actually existed. Shells of red herrings, and some hothead overwriting, but a real cliff-hanger for all that.

(London Express Service)

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Happy Easter

BY HARRY WEINERT



GRAND DAYS FOR COLONY FANS

Soccer Fraternity Can Look Forward To Some Very Interesting Games

By I. M. MacTAVISH

These are grand days for Colony football. First there was the good news that the Yugoslavians would definitely be playing here later this month, then came our satisfactory expedition to Macao to chalk up another success in the series of senior Interport matches.

The next item of top news was the stirring report that after weeks of speculation and doubt, Blackpool will almost certainly be seen in action in Hongkong; and finally there were the encouraging displays during the week by the various groups of our footballers who will be going to Tokyo for the Asian Games.

This all adds up to one of the best weeks we have had in the history of the Colony's football. It is a long time and the football fraternity can look forward to some very interesting games in the near future.

Wagging Tongues

When the teams for the Interports against Macao and Singapore were first announced, both line-ups included the name of South China's brilliant Yiu Cheuk-yin, but the little Wizard of Wonders, withdrawing from the selections, pleading something like the traditional "previous engagement" which is so convenient and prevalent in our social circles.

There is no doubt that his decision to withdraw from the

Hongkong representative side spent their Easter week-end at Macao and were surprised to see Yiu Cheuk-yin looking very fit as he too enjoyed a holiday in the Portuguese Colony. Was it surprising therefore that they were asking why he was not playing football for Hongkong?

Many Hongkong football folk give rise to much speculation and while everyone will acknowledge the right of an amateur footballer to please himself as to where and when he plays, it is quite impossible to keep the rumour-mongers silent. I heard several strange stories of the real reason why the inside left had withdrawn from the

team, yet was able to make the trip to Macao. The stories that have been going the rounds as to Yiu Cheuk-yin's decision not to play are probably highly coloured, and maybe even more than a little distorted, but they are still going the rounds and they aren't all the sort that are calculated to add glamour, grace, or team harmony to the game. What a pity we have to be witness to such unfortunate situations.

News Of The Day

The news of the day, of course, is that after all these weeks of uncertainty Blackpool and Stanley Matthews will, after all, be seen in action in the Colony. This is, I believe, the greatest single thing that could happen to our football community at this time and I feel certain that our fans will be more than satisfied with the fare which the famous Tangerines will serve up.

They will have the opportunity of seeing a team which is part of the highly commercialised British football system in which intense EVERY WEEK and in EVERY GAME.

This inevitably produces a type of football that is essentially purposeful. Frills are usually forgotten until a safe lead has been established and the followers of the game in Hongkong will not find anything quite different from the noddling style of the Australians or the temperamental tantrums of the Israeli visitors.

I do not offer this as a safety valve, but I do think that Blackpool will be coming to Hongkong at the end of a strenuous tour in Australia, which in itself came right at the end of a particularly hectic and hard season in which the Tangerines have been right in the thick of the fray since last August.

Supreme Artist

He is the supreme artist... and football's greatest gentleman. He has been honoured by Her Majesty The Queen... and many confidently believe that further and higher honours will come his way when he eventually announces his retirement.

I can hardly wait to see him play again... My recollections of previous opportunities to watch him weave his particular brand of soccer magic are among my finest football memories. I am delighted that even in the evening of his wonderful career there is to be a Matthews performance for our local fans.

During the current football season Kitchner has been one of the biggest disappointments. They have a team loaded with famous names, yet apart from one game against South China they have failed to produce anything but a very ordinary stuff. Tomorrow they have their last chance to prove their earlier form has been wrong for they once again lackle South China... and, if they can beat the Senior Shield holders, not only will they re-establish their own reputation but they could hand the League Championship to KMB on a plate.

It is an interesting topic for conjecture... but somehow or other I feel that's as far as it will get. South China are never easily beaten... but they are doubly difficult opponents when the stakes are highest, as tomorrow the stakes for South China are the Double for the second successive year. These are stakes which I think raise the stakes higher than Kitchner can bear. I take South China to win decisively and 23,000 spectators will be present to see how right... or wrong... my prediction proves to be.

WORLD CHAMPION ON SHOW IN BRITAIN



Floyd Patterson, the World Heavyweight Champion, boxed an exhibition bout at Empress Hall on March 25, showing his prowess to British fans for the first time. Picture shows: Floyd in action on Dusty Rhodes, his sparring partner.—Central Press Photo.

SPORTS ROUNDABOUT

WEST BROMWICH ALBION'S RONNIE ALLEN IS HAVING A RAW DEAL

Says W. CAPEL KIRBY

What have England's selectors got against Ronnie Allen? Has the popular West Bromwich Albion live-wire offended them at some time or another by speaking out of turn? Does he kick against discipline and refuse to adapt his game to a set plan? Is he anti-social—difficult to get along with?

These and other pertinent questions are being asked by fans all over the country. I am not surprised. Allen is having a raw deal.

In a heart-to-heart chat with Allen at Portsmouth the other evening, I asked him point-blank whether he had ever said anything out of place, or done anything to warrant the selectors' displeasure.

So Unselfish

"Never," he replied. "As I see it the only thing is that my game does not fit in with their requirements. It seems they don't want a leader so much as a power-point unit nowadays."

"I've got no quarrel with that except that it's likely to discourage centre-forward potential striving to play football, but it's one thing running face-on to the through pass, and quite another matter to get weaving on the full or half-turn," said Allen without a sign of bitterness.

Soccer Fan

Let's turn to beauty. Last time I met ex-Queen Soraya was in the stand at Madrid. Couldn't keep my eyes off her, because she was so darned right more attractive to look at than the football Scotland were playing in their World Cup game against Spain that evening. Soraya is a confirmed soccer fan.

Who is soccer's longest throw-in exponent? My bet is Jim Longley, Fulham's left back, who looks like collecting passport visas for England's Czechoslovakia, Russia and Sweden assignments.

Modest Jim has not measured his throw lately, but tells me that when he was at Brighton he registered one of 33 yards. I have seen him do better than that. At Stamford Bridge I saw him place a ball more than a yard past the centre of the goal, and Chelsea's pitch is 71½ yards wide. Secret? "I practice with a tennis ball," says Langley.

Peter's Record

Think of all the free-scoring wingers there have been—Eric Brook, Joe Hulme, Sammy Crooks, Cliff Bastin, Billy Liddell.

Now guess who holds the goal-scoring record. It's old Billy Meredith with 181. Certain to beat it, next season if not this, will be "one-over-the-eight" Peter Harris, Portsmouth outside right on the 178 mark.

Why "one-over-the-eight"? Because he once scored nine goals on successive Saturdays in Portsmouth schools' football.

Another goal-scoring record in danger is Ted Harper's 30 for Spurs away back in 1930-31. Centre-forward Bobby Smith needs nine more to do the trick.

Hoovering Hopefully Peterborough should change their name from "The Posh" to "The Vultures." They are hovering, hopefully, to pounce on Fourth Division weaklings.

There are many clubs whose demise would be no loss to the League. Walsall have had more changes in their permanent staff, while Exeter, Gillingham and Shrewsbury are no great shakes.

I've just returned from Munich. I went because I wanted to see for myself how my good friends, Matt Busby, Johnny Berry, and Frank Taylor were getting on.

Matt Talks

These are the three Manchester United air crash survivors still being treated in the magnificent Reichs-Lord Isar Hospital.

And I can report that in a matter of weeks, all the crash survivors should be home again.

I've seen Matt. I've talked to him. But I have no intention of quoting him. Matt is "seeing friends only."

He is still weak and Professor Maurer, whose healing hands and organising genius have worked this modern miracle with Matt and his boys, quite rightly wants no interviews in the ward.

We discussed the World Cup, the footballing genius of a boy called Bobby Charlton, Scotland's international team-building plans and, of course, Manchester United.

We even spoke about a man called Eddie Lord, but the subject was quickly changed.

The very fact that Matt Busby wanted to talk football will be great news to his friends.

Yes, Matt Busby is on the mend and surely that is the finest message from Munich that I can bring back.

Quickest transfer on record? Says Portsmouth manager Eddie Lever, referring to Alex Govan, new boy from Birmingham. "It was done by phone and completed before the pips."

It could also prove the best stroke of business on record. Between selling Jackie Henderson and buying Govan Portsmouth netted £7,000 profit and a first-match goal which

may have saved them from relegation.

George Raynor, who manages Sweden's national team, puts England in with a good World Cup chance. The little Yorkshireman writes: "My last four are Brazil, England, Russia and Sweden, but not necessarily in that order."

Which wicket-keeper holds the record for the greatest number of dismissals in first-class cricket?

Who was the winner of the 1937 European Grand Prix? And what car did he drive?

What are the nationalities of these tennis stars: a) Luis Ayala, b) Dorothy Knode, c) Ashley Cooper?

The Most Which University has scored the most victories in the Oxford-Cambridge rugby match?

How many walls are there in a five court?

With what sport do you associate: a) Hans Gerschwiler, b) Fausto Coppi?

What's the name? England bowler, once took six wickets for 27, including a hat-trick, against the West Indies' Test team. Look 238 wickets in Test matches... often mistaken for his brother.

Place these athletes in correct order as the winners of the most Olympic gold medals: a) Jesse Owens, b) Paavo Nurmi, c) Ray Ewry, d) Emil Zatopek.

How many players make up a Rugby League team?

Who are the current holders of the European Soccer Cup and when did they beat in the 1957 final?

Who was the last tennis player to retain the United States men's singles title?

Bare-knuckle Which boxers were involved in the last bare-knuckle fight for the world heavyweight title? And what was the result?

What games are played by: a) The Barbarians, b) Wolves, c) Chicago Red Sox?

Who captains Cambridge University at both golf and tennis?

How many pieces are required for a game of a) chess, b) draughts?

When and where was the first-ever Test match held between England and the West Indies?

What's the name? Entered county cricket in 1950, made 138 in this first Test match in 1951, has now made 2,665 in Tests and other sports—Soccer and Flies.

(Answers on Page 17)

SPORTS QUIZ

- The attention of the sports world has recently been focused on "Mr. W. Smith. How is he better known?"
- Which golfers are this year trying to win for the fifth time: a) the American Open title and b) the British Open?
- When did England last lose a cricket Test series?
- Who is the odd man out of: Pancho Gonzales, Lew Hoad, Frank Sedgman and Tony Trabert?
- WAGTC are the initials of which new world tournament?
- Which famous annual event finishes at a brewery?
- Who is the new British Empire Middleweight Boxing Champion?
- With which sports do you associate: a) Gillian Sheen, b) Herb Elliott, c) Hashim Khan?

Ever Present

- Which English soccer club has an ever-present record in the First Division?
- What's the name? "Was once a coal-miner... as a sportsman was the centre of a bitter controversy... lives in Australia... nickname 'Lol'."
- Thirteen-year-old Diana Wilkinson has been elected Britain's Sportswoman of the Year. What is her sport?
- How many times has golfer Ben Hogan won the American Open Championship?
- James J. Corbett, James J. Braddock and James J. Jeffries all won the heavyweight championship of the world. True or false?
- Which wicket-keeper holds the record for the greatest number of dismissals in first-class cricket?
- Who was the winner of the 1937 European Grand Prix? And what car did he drive?
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The Most

- Which University has scored the most victories in the Oxford-Cambridge rugby match?
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(Answers on Page 17)

SPORTS QUIZ



"Fine thing! Sixteen race meetings today—and all I do is get scratched!"

London Express Service

Famous Sports Stars I Have Met

BILL JENNINGS

By Archie Quick

Wherever soccer is talked

mention is made sooner or later of the great wing triangles the game has produced. The Cussey-Moodie and Buchan combination immediately springs to mind. And so does the Vizard-Smith and Jennings triangle. The first trio were in Sunderland's "Team of All the Talents". The other three with Bolton Wanderers when the Burnden Park club was making Cup history in the early days of Wembley.

The Wanderers are back at Wembley again this year, but Bill Jennings, the brains behind the Vizard-Smith machine, lives in quiet retirement at Penarth. His last days in football were as Secretary-Manager of Cardiff City, immediately before the last War when the Ninian Park club was at its lowest ebb.

When he took the job in a 1937, City had a debt of £12,000 and their grandstand, dressing rooms and football kit had all been destroyed by fire. By shrewd buying Bill got the club on its feet and at the end of the year it made £8,000. Still the biggest in its stormy history. Jennings won eleven Welsh International "caps" against the other Home countries, and got two Cup winners' medals at Wembley. Now Bolton are in the final again, and Bill says: "There is nothing brilliant about the present side apart from Nat Lofthouse, but they play as a team and are very keen. Give me eleven good players instead of a team of individual stars any time."

The Local Club

A native of Barry, he played as a Schoolboy International for Wales, and also rugby for the local club. He would have got into the mighty standstill "caps", but in the early years of English League sides like Bolton were reluctant to release their men to poor relations like Wales. After leaving Cardiff City he joined the City Troopers' Department at County Hall, has two sons, one of whom won the MC in Germany. Just before the end of the War.

Bill's greatest memory, of course, is the original Wembley Final between Bolton and West Ham when it was estimated that a quarter of a million people got into the mighty stadium. He never thought the referee would get it finished, he says. "It was a great strain having to face a forty-five minutes delay at the start, and then having the crowd right on top of you on the touchlines."

Where are his old partners? Joe Smith is shortly leaving as manager of Blackpool, and Ted Vizard has a hotel just outside Wolverhampton.

PENALTY KINGS

All-England FC know all about this sort of saving and scoring from penalty. Alfie in that Chelsea League matches, Goal-keeper Bobby Allen has saved five out of seven penalties awarded against his side, and Noel McManis has scored six of the seven penalties he has taken.

POP

Missed it!

IF YOU HADN'T TAKEN SO LONG TO DECIDE, YOU'D HAVE CAUGHT IT!

AND IF YOU HADN'T NOT HURRIED, YOU'D HAVE SEEN IT!

WAIT! WAIT! WAIT! WAIT!

Well, I'm puffed!

PREMIER DRINK FOR MOMENTS

CHERRY MEETING

By Order of the Stewards, A. R. ARNOLD, Secretary.

Softball Review

A Most Successful Playing Season In Men's Senior League

By "TIME OUT"

In the land where the American game of softball originated, the huddling over a "hot stove" after the playing season is over has become accepted as a traditional practice. At the height of those post-mortems the what-might-have-been of the game is recalled with some nostalgia. Alas! The word "IF" suddenly becomes the most meaningful in any dictionary.

This very same word crops up in Hongkong whenever local softballers and partisan fans bump into each other. The only difference between the King's Park fraternity and those in the USA is the absence of a hot stove—but make no mistake about it.

Arguments do and will continue to rage in the long summer months ahead until the cry of "Play Ball" is heard once again in late September of 1958. And how does your humble scribe feel about the overall picture of the recently concluded softball season? Well, it is of course your privilege to disagree with my views since no two persons look at anything in the same light. Anyhow, I hope my reflections on first and foremost the Men's Senior League, will provide you with some food for thought.

The burning question as the Senior League got under way was whether or not the perennial champions, Saint Joseph's, would add another championship to the five already registered by them in the post-war years.

Partly Answered

That question was partly answered—by the defending champs survived unscathed through the first round of their League fixtures. It soon became apparent that it would be a two-way race for the Commissioners' Trophy between Saint Joseph's and the Al Oliviera's Warriors with the other five teams causing minor headaches along the way.

The Saints ran their string of victories to 10 straight in one of the best softball games seen in many a year. The Jays acquired the services of the 1957/58 Batting King, L. C. Poon, in the outfield and Poon more than proved his worth with some sparkling displays. There were no "stars" in the champions' line-up. The only weak spot in the defence was P. C. Wong, who failed miserably at shortstop but who more than made up for it by being 4th in the batting averages.

Shock Defeat

The Warriors started the season as favourites. Never in their history did they have such a power-packed squad and it is unbelievable even now that the Pandas beat them 4-1 to ruin the tribe's chances for

the Pandas that seems to be forever flitting just beyond their reach. After their shock defeat at the hands of Jackie Wei & Co., the tribe played inspired ball behind the sterling pitching of "Goose" Wong. They had everything—power at the plate, base stealers in plenty and a defence second to none, even though shortstop Stephen Xavier had to bow out of the game through an unfortunate injury.

For the first time in local softball history one team, the Warriors, supplied the top three in the final batting averages. They had the misfortune to lose the championship game against the Saints through poor base-running. Hard luck, you Warriors! But don't give up. The Saints are not that good to stay on top all the time.

The season's most disappointing clash was the Pandas' defeat of the Warriors, but the Pandas started slipping. Other than the shock victory over the Warriors, the Pandas had nothing to boast about and their game against the Dodgers was one of the roughest ever witnessed here. They will be remembered for this if for nothing else.

Surprise Package

The surprise package was the US Navy. They ended up third in the League. They were represented by four station ships, the Orea, Lenawee, Washburn and Floyd's Bay. As dark horses they certainly made their presence felt as the Dodgers will readily testify. They were never a Pennant threat since their fielding was mediocre. The only notable feature of the sailors was their long-ball hitting. One recalls with some enthusiasm the old "Orea" side that downed the strong Braves side in 1954. The Navy take the honours for being the noisiest and most enthusiastic team in softball.

The PI Dodgers, in their first season of Senior ball, also disappointed. Their manager, Fred Diesa Sr. signed up some ex-Braves in Calcutta, Krasovich and Tony Gutierrez and also two ex-Backhows, Vic Pedruco and "Gato" Remedios. The team was indeed a strange lot. They could rise to the heights or they simply played softball akin to that by certain Ladies' sides.

Towards the end of the season they lost interest and in the final game against the Warriors they played hooker—not a very commendable gesture, it must be admitted. Their "stars" failed to turn up regularly and that perhaps sums up the situation

for the Dodgers. They had a surprisingly poor season and were a temperamental bunch of ball players. A firmer guiding hand is clearly indicated if they are to go places next season.

Eye-opening

The Chinese Athletic Association boasted of no outstanding performers but their standard of play opened the eyes of quite a few. They had wily pitcher Kassa Nezzen who personally accounted for the Pandas in a hard-fought innings and who nearly did the same to the Jays. When "Nazi" left for the U.K. there was no suitable replacement and the Athletics spare season died out. A great pity indeed as they have the makings of a great side. Newly-acquired Junior Leaguers 3rd baseman C.K. Wu and 1st baseman Henry Lee showed lots of promise. All they need is a little coaching to shape up into a pair of top-notchers.

Lastly our wooden spoonists, South China. They impressed against the Pandas but the lack of a suitable pitcher sent them down the drain. Even with three SCM Post players, Khan, Ramjahn and Carl Myntti, and later some Junior Leaguers they failed to muster a team four times. They simply couldn't break into the win column until the Dodgers generously gave them a walk-over which was gratefully accepted. They were a team in name only and their standard was more suitable for the minor division. They must be happy over the fact that there is no relegation system in softball.

Most Successful

All in all, a most successful playing season. A total of 42 games was scheduled with 34 actually being played. These included five extra-inning games, four shutouts and only three that failed to go the full distance. There is no doubt that the batters are now more careful in swinging for more power and the pitchers are better recorded during the entire season.

The reason was highlighted by some really "rough" games, namely the US Navy versus PI Dodgers tilt and the first meeting of the Saints and the Warriors. There were no protests filed against umpiring decisions, which fact is a feather in the cap of Chief Arbiter Dave Cooper and his troop of officials. The only deplorable features which marred an otherwise eventful Senior season were the suspension of one softballer for misconduct and a much-criticised Senior League game that almost ended in a fracas.

YET ANOTHER GOLF TOURNAMENT

World Amateur Team Championship

By HENRY LONGHURST

London.

The decision to create a "World Amateur Team Championship," sponsored jointly by the United States Golf Association and the Royal and Ancient—inspired, I think it is fair to say, by the former and supported by the latter—appears at first sight to have been accorded a mixed reception in this country.

Such opinions as I have been able to canvass range from a distinctly lukewarm reaction to yet another international tournament at one extreme to "our old friend filling a long-felt want," at the other.

Perhaps I may first refresh your memory, and my own, upon the details which were sprung upon us out of the blue the other week. The idea emanated from America, largely in the person of John D. Ames, the recently elected President of the USGA, and representatives of the Chevy Chase Club in Maryland, at US expense, to discuss it on May 2 and 3. A trophy, destined inevitably to be named after the donor whether he wishes it or not, has been offered to the USGA and they say they will accept it.

Four Amateurs

The proposition is that countries will send teams of four amateurs who will play 18 holes on each of four days—some form of match play was at first preferred but seemed impracticable—and the best three scores in each team will count each day. This is a slight and obviously desirable change from the original idea of counting the best three totals at the end, since a man with an initial bad round could put himself completely out of the running. The tournament will take place every two years successively in three zones—Europe, Africa, Middle East, 1958; North America, South America, Caribbean, 1960; Australia, 1962.

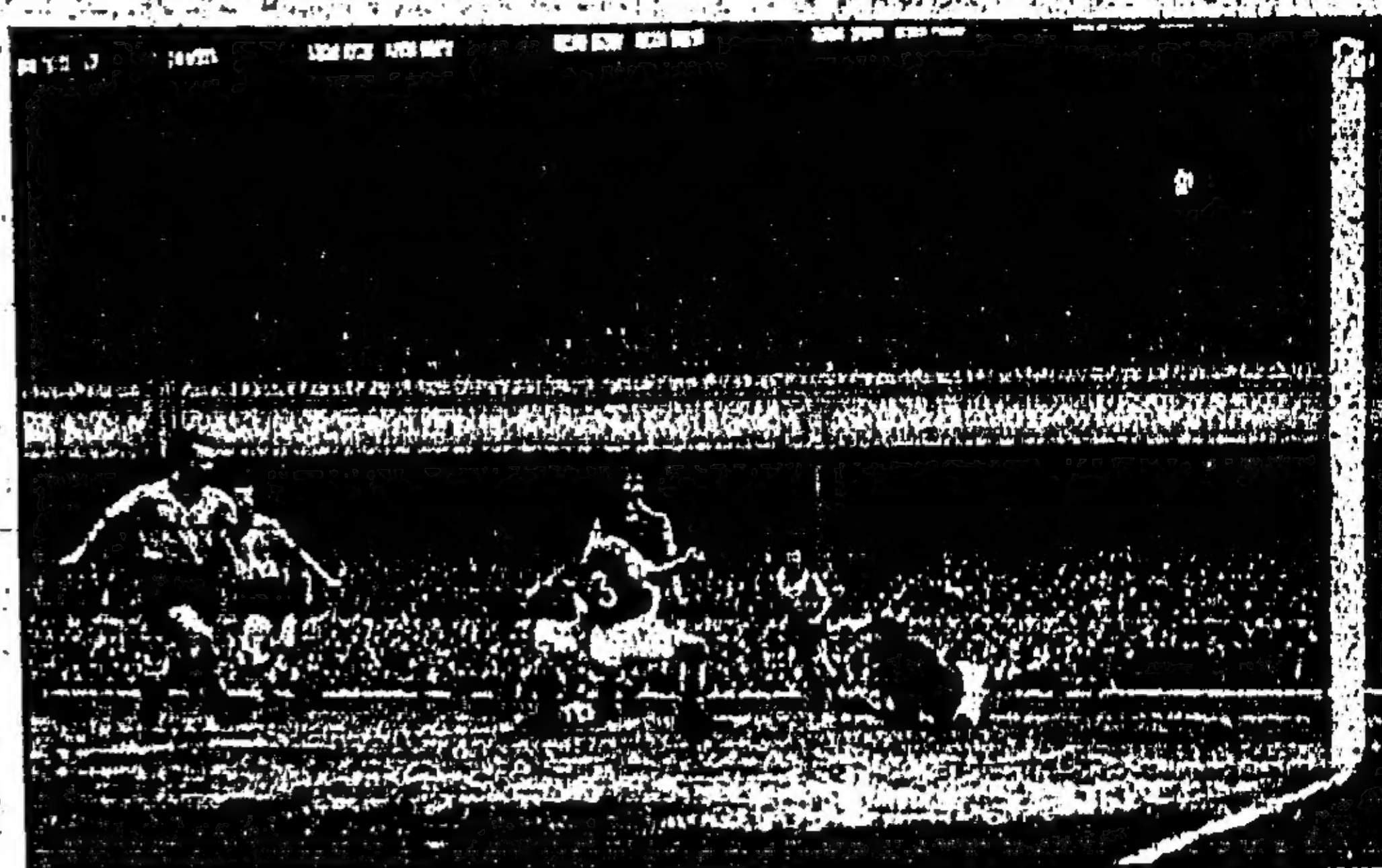
Dates will be calculated so as not to interfere with the Walker Cup match, the Commonwealth tournament, or the triangular matches between the United States, Canada and Mexico. The first "World Cup," if one may so call it, will be played for at St. Andrews in October. The home country pays the cost of running it and is entitled to keep all the receipts. Other countries pay the first-class fares of their team, together with their living expenses and caddies. Unlike the Canada Cup, where they count as four, England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales will count as one and, in deference to the Republic of Eire, will be styled The British Isles instead of Great Britain.

New Venture

Reaction in this country to the new venture can at the moment be only a matter of conjecture. Opposition will be instinctive in some quarters. "On the one hand," one may be labelled unduly conservative and unventuresome. On this side it can be said that the whole point in golf, unique among games, lies in the fact of thousands of people getting out in the fresh air and playing it, not in a few young men flying all over the world at other people's expense to play in amateur international.

There is indeed a practical point here. Their expenses may be paid, and quite legitimately of course, but how many young amateurs can truly afford the time? A man in the first four in the British Isles must play in

BROADBENT SCORES FOR WOLVES



Wolverhampton Wanderers inside-right Broadbent (second from left) cracks the ball past Arsenal goalkeeper Kelsey and left back Wills. (No. 3) to score his team's first goal in the First Division match at Highbury on Easter Monday. Wolves won 2-0.—Reuterphoto.

Answers To Sports Quiz

1. Sugar Ray Robinson.
2. a) Ben Hogan b) Bobby Locke.
3. 1950—against the West Indies.
4. Pancho Gonzales—all the others have won the Wimbledon Men's Singles title.
5. World Amateur Golf Team Championship.
6. The Oxford-Cambridge University Boat Race which finishes at Mortlake Bridge.
7. Dick Tiger.
8. a) Fencing b) athletics c) squash.
9. Sunderland.
10. Harold Larwood.
11. Swimming.
12. Four.
13. True.
14. Herbert Strudwick, England and Surrey (1,493 dismissals).
15. Stirling Moss in a Vanwall.
16. a) Chilean, b) American, c) Australian.
17. Oxford—35 times to Cambridge's 20.
18. Three.
19. a) ice-skating, b) cycling.
20. Alice Bedser.
21. Ray Ewry. (10); Bravo Nurni (9); Jesse Owens and Emil Zatopek (four each).
22. 13.
23. Real Madrid. They beat Fiorentina (4-2).
24. Frank Sedgman of Australia (193-2).
25. John L. Sullivan beat Jake Kilrain. Referee stopped fight in 75th round.
26. a) Rugby b) Soccer c) Baseball.
27. Ted Dexter.
28. a) 32, b) 24.
29. 1928 at Lords.
30. Peter May.

Nominate YOUR

Hongkong Footballer Of The Year

Members of the public are invited to nominate Hongkong's Footballer of the Year for the current season.

It is a popularity poll organised by the China Mail, and nomination coupons will be accepted until the closing date to be announced later.

The two qualifications for nomination are:

- (1) Footballing prowess.
- (2) Sportsmanship on the field of play.

Nominations should be addressed to the Editor, China Mail, Wyndham Street.

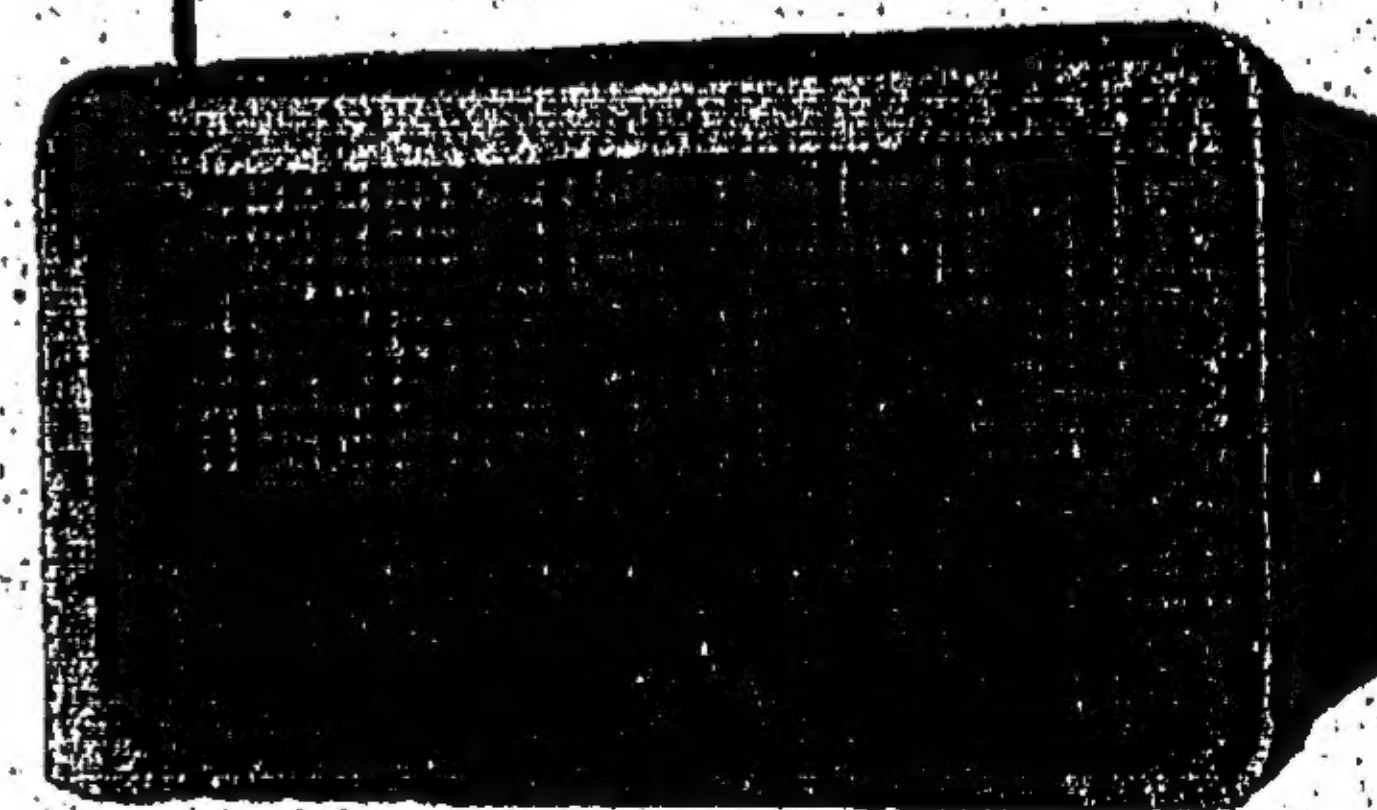
To the Editor, China Mail.
My nomination for Hongkong's Footballer of the Year, taking into account his playing ability and his sportsmanship on the field of play is:

of the Club.

(Signed)

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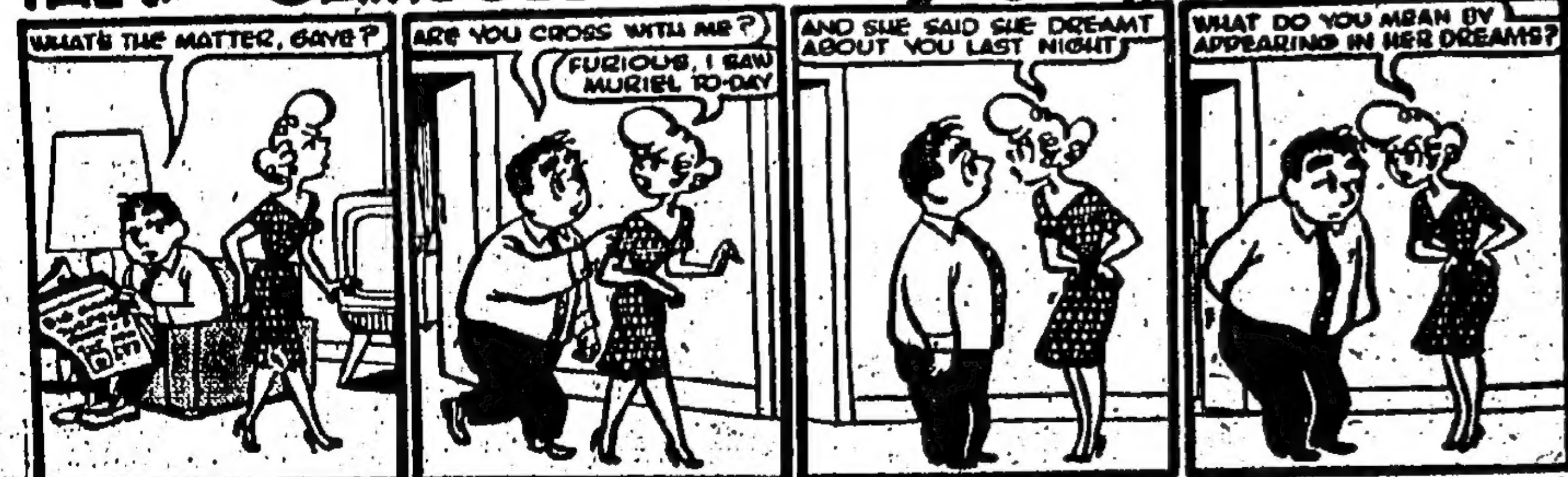
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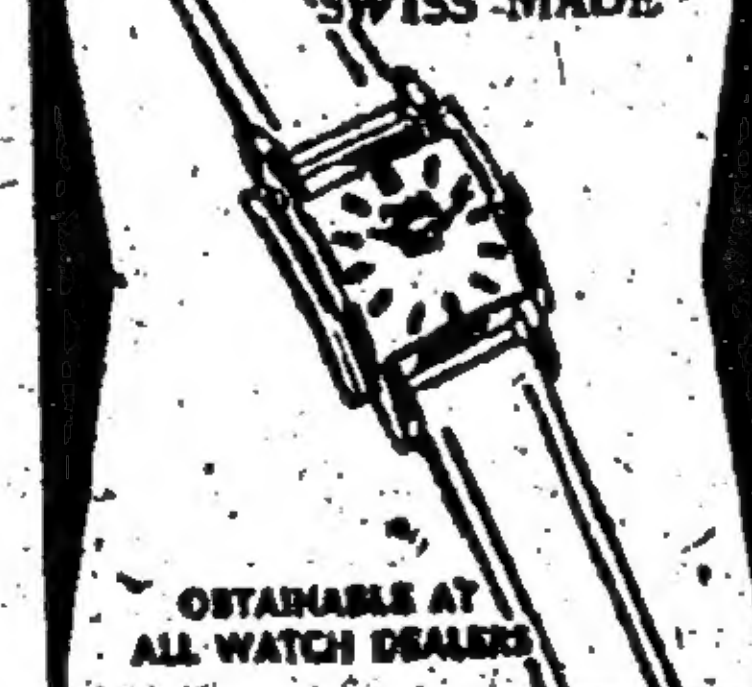
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YOUR BIRTHDAY ... By STELLA

SATURDAY, APRIL 12

BORN today, the stars have given you a variety of talents and you may have difficulty in selecting the one upon which you want to concentrate. In fact you may try to take up two careers—until you discover that you are not getting anywhere! Once you learn the important lesson of concentration on a single objective, you are well along the road to eventual success. You are one to have close family loyalties and your ties of kin are exceptionally strong. It is likely that your own home will become the centre of your social life, and you much prefer entertaining there than going "out on the town." In fact, you may become quite famous for your parties. This is perhaps more true of you members of the fair sex, for it is a woman who usually manages the domestic scene. You are a gracious hostess and a fine conversationalist.

It is likely that you men will use this talent rather differently. You may become well known for your persuasive oratory and probably would do well in public life. You are able to make peace among dissenters, for there is nothing you dislike more than a serious argument. You want peace and harmony surrounding you at all times. Although you are not as robust as you might be, you have a tremendous store of nervous energy which keeps you working at the peak of production. Among those born on this date were: William Brockman Bankhead, Alabama legislator; Henry Clay, statesman; Michael Gold and Donald Grant Mitchell, authors; Richard Borden, manufacturer, and Jana Withers, actress.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, APRIL 13

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—If you are planning to buy a home, today may be a good time to drive out and view the property carefully.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Pay a visit to someone you may not have seen for a considerable time. Enjoy the countryside, too.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—This Sunday can count for something rather special in your life. Make it a day to remember.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—This can be a day of pleasant happenings—from church in the morning to a gathering of close friends later.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—If possible, get a chance to go into the country to visit close friends or kin. Enjoy the springtime.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—This can be an active day for all of your personal affairs. Make plans, but don't instrument them until later on.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—This can be your happiest Sunday of the month. Do exactly as you wish today socially.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—This is a time when romance can enter the picture. Perhaps take your "intended" to visit your relatives.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—You may have to spend part of the day catching up with the work you brought home in your briefcase.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—You may not need to go far to find an inspirational influence today. It could be someone right within the family circle!

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—This can be your best Sunday this month. The stars say that something eventful and exciting may happen to you.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—A fine day for all your interests. It's no one's fault but your own if you don't get exactly what you want.

BORN today, you are one to whom literature and all of the fine arts probably make their highest appeal. The stars have been kind in bestowing talent upon you, and you may select a career from any number of fields open to you. You may start out along one line and change midway through life. You probably will be successful in your objectives. You have the ability to achieve success without appearing to exert too much effort! Your concentration is tenacious, and once you have your mind made up on something, you are not to be denied it! You are inclined to be prodigal of your health and should make a point of getting more rest.

Although, by nature, you are a rather retiring person, you have a magnetic personality which attracts people into your orbit without your appearing to do anything about it. You are not personally ambitious, but just want to be left alone to do what you wish with your life. The chances are that fame may be thrust upon you because of your special gifts and talents.

You are not, by nature, a money-maker and you do not seem to know the value of money. You probably will make and lose more than one fortune during your lifetime. Your talents do bring you money, but you spend it almost as fast as you make it! You of the fair sex are romantic and probably will have more than one romance before you settle down to a single partner for life. You are just a little little bit difficult to make up your mind.

Among those born on this date were: Seth Adams, inventor; Thomas Jefferson, U.S. President; Tully Marshall, actor; Sidney B. Fay, historian; Harold E. Stassen, administrator and statesman; James Harper, publisher, and William H. Board, artist.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, APRIL 14

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Follow your intuitions this day and you will not err in judgment. Offer help to someone in need of it.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Plan carefully this morning and then, after lunch, push toward your objective forcefully and positively. Get results.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—Weigh your assets against your liabilities and then make up your mind on some important matter. Decide wisely.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—Pay attention to a dream and you may find an easy solution to some problem at hand. There are psychic overtones.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—Postpone a decision on a business or financial matter involving a partnership, either marital or at the office.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Be co-operative with others and you will find that you make excellent progress toward a major objective.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—It is possible to combine both social and business aspects today, but you get along faster by separating them.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—This is a fine time to organize a new idea. It should receive an excellent reception wherever presented.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Romantic interests now seem to take the spotlight in your life. Entertain for someone in your own home.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Make an important decision. Trust your intuitions, even if you can't find a reason for your action.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Take a calculated risk in some personal matter involving business or financial ventures. You should succeed.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—There is good fortune in the air, but your personal conduct determines to a large degree the extent of your success.

DARTWORDS START HERE

The first dartword of today's puzzle is DISBURSE. You have to make your way from the center of the dartboard to the last by rearranging all the other words in the dartboard circle in such a way that each word is connected to the one that precedes it and the one that follows it by one of its letters.

RULES: (1) The word may be an acronym of the word that precedes it. (2) It may be a synonym of the word that precedes it. (3) It may be a word that precedes it. (4) It may be a word that follows it. (5) It may be a word that is a part of the word that precedes it. (6) It may be a word that is a part of the word that follows it. (7) It may be a word that is a part of the word that precedes it. (8) It may be a word that is a part of the word that follows it. (9) It may be a word that is a part of the word that precedes it. (10) It may be a word that is a part of the word that follows it. (11) It may be a word that is a part of the word that precedes it. (12) It may be a word that is a part of the word that follows it. (13) It may be a word that is a part of the word that precedes it. (14) It may be a word that is a part of the word that follows it. (15) It may be a word that is a part of the word that precedes it. (16) It may be a word that is a part of the word that follows it. 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